

Correspondence

TV and Problem Pupils

EDITOR: Leon C. Fletcher's article on "The Growth of Educational TV" (10/31) demonstrates the advantages of TV in the schools. No one can deny its contributions. Some of his conclusions, however, may be too sweeping. It should be kept in mind that the type of student about whom these conclusions are made is the type that anybody could teach—those who learn "in spite of the teacher."

I would like to see studies made of the effects of educational TV on students in a general classroom of an ordinary school, especially on students who do not care about what goes on in the classroom and are only waiting to reach the age-limit of compulsory attendance. In many schools the percentage of this type of student is higher than that of the students concerning whom Mr. Fletcher's conclusions are drawn. These are the students who make the greatest demand on the personal attention of a teacher. The effect of educational TV on these, too, will have to be weighed in judging the success or failure of TV in education.

MARION J. KAMINSKI

Chicago, Ill.

Father's Role

EDITOR: The symposium on "The Making of Men" (10/31), by Eugene Kinkead and Fr. Arthur V. Shea, S.J., should prove helpful to all who deal with youth. In our junior department at Oak Knoll we have boys from pre-school to seventh grade. For this reason, we were especially appreciative of the article by Fr. Shea.

MOTHER JOHN FRANCIS, S.H.C.J.
Oak Knoll School of the Holy Child
Summit, N. J.

EDITOR: AMERICA has had many fine articles in recent issues. I was so moved by "The Making of Men," however, that I had to send a word of thanks. Perhaps I was so impressed by Fr. Shea's remarks because I am the father of six children, four of whom are boys.

DAVID J. LAFIA, M.D.

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EDITOR: Fr. Shea's suggestions on the training of sons are good meat for a mother's consideration, too. They are particularly helpful in giving her an idea of how to retreat into the background. The

time for this is when the little boy is about two years of age—when his attachment naturally shifts to his father. Then he no longer depends upon the mother for nourishment and he explodes into the realization that he is a person.

Before that the role of the father is that of a protector to one who is barely over the shock of birth. From him the infant will draw his first and perhaps his most lasting intuition of the attributes of God—a warm and merciful God, I hope.

(MRS.) R. T. PRINCE

Chicago, Ill.

EDITOR: The symposium in your Oct. 31 issue is splendid. It faces up to the facts of life and gives all who are interested in our youth and country a definite program for the formation of youth.

(MSGR.) JOHN A. McMAHON

Chicago, Ill.

Common Bible?

EDITOR: The proposal to seek a common English translation of Holy Scripture for all Christians, advanced in "The Bible Is a Bond" (10/24) by Fr. Walter M. Abbott, S.J., might be too costly in terms of clarity and fullness of doctrine.

How could a text acceptable to other Christians be formed without jettisoning the great advantage we as Catholics derive from our dogmatic certitudes? The poverty of ancient Hebrew and even the New Testament Greek necessarily left the determination of many generic words to the context. Our highly nuanced English suffers no such limitation. Settling for a generic English term where the total context, including the demands of our entire body of revealed truth (the analogy of faith), clearly requires a specific English term, would seriously impoverish our English versions.

EDWARD J. McNALLY, S.J.

Fordham University
New York, N. Y.

National Folly

EDITOR: In your editorial on the quiz-show scandal (10/24, p. 98), you rightly remark: "The worst thing about a scandal is that it actually scandalizes." Today, TV's cameras focus on its black sheep. The country, like a saddened family, laments its phony prodigies.

But is there not another side to the story? Without excusing those who are guilty of dishonesty of any kind, it seems

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only fair to recognize a few extenuating circumstances: 1) Quiz shows are shows; shows are never meant to be real, only to seem real. 2) Even great actors spend long hours in rehearsal. We should have known that the "hams" in question were no exception. 3) The American people love to be fooled. Was it Barnum or Bailey who said that this trait kept the circuses alive? 4) We Americans are hero-worshippers. Give us a young man with personality and a good press agent and we canonize him. Then, when his less saintly side shows through we are shocked, saddened, discouraged about mankind in general.

Of those who say that these very cir-

cumstances increase the need for care in what is presented to the American public, I would ask, "Can't we do something about ourselves instead?" We could ask ourselves questions like these: 1) Do we perhaps take other shows too seriously also? Could we not learn to look at even serious dramas as imitation of life, to enjoy the dramatist's art of imitation instead of identifying ourselves with his characters and looking for a "lesson" in his plot? 2) Do we let hucksters contend for political victories, instead of requiring the candidates to explain their platforms without the aid of Madison Avenue? 3) Are we not inclined to make matinee idols of even the news commenta-

tors? 4) Why do so many millions allow themselves to be stirred up by revivals instead of getting down to the brass tacks of dogma? 5) Don't we really enjoy being taken in by glamour and tricks? And are we Americans different in this from other peoples?

It is too bad that the quiz-show people were not genuine showmen. Had they been, they would have answered the first inquiries with a "Sure we were fooling; you didn't think we were serious, did you?" They would still have had to answer for all real dishonesty, but the atmosphere would have been much less scandalous, for it would have emphasized the right of showmen to "make believe."

SISTER MARY RANSOM, S.C.N.

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Out of Context

EDITOR: In your Comment "Nasser Proposes" (10/24), you refer to the "totally negative reaction of Israel" to proposals by Nasser for the establishment of a UN commission "to implement all the UN resolutions concerning Palestine," stating that "on Oct. 9 Premier Ben Gurion insisted that the Arabs would have to 'learn another lesson' on the battlefield." Permit me to point out that Mr. Ben Gurion did not make such a statement as you attribute to him, and his official denial was printed in the New York Times of Oct. 13.

Indeed, Mr. Ben Gurion told his audience that "Israel is wholeheartedly ready to make peace with Arab countries at any time." In the course of his speech, he expressed confidence that an "Arab-initiated war would end in an Israeli victory." Part of his statements was taken out of context and then unfortunately quoted by you.

Israel's policy remains as enunciated: that Israelis and Arabs should meet together without any prior conditions to discuss points at issue between the two sides. In the course of such discussions, the Arab spokesmen, if they so desire, could certainly raise the issue of implementation of all UN resolutions; but they would probably find this difficult, as many of these resolutions are by now contradictory.

HUGH Y. ORGEL
Press Attaché
Embassy of Israel

Washington, D. C.

[Our source was an AP dispatch which quoted Mr. Ben Gurion as follows: The Arab states "will not be ready for peace until they learn another lesson as they did in the Israeli war of independence and the Sinai campaign." If AP quoted the Premier out of context, then we must confess to the same fault.—Ed.]

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Current Comment

Eisenhower in Asia

With an election year around the corner, there are obvious partisan political advantages to be derived from President Eisenhower's projected trip through Asia. Domestic politics aside, however, the country as a whole and the free world as well stand to gain from the unprecedented journey that is to begin Dec. 4. In recent months the Cold War has definitely shifted to Asia. Thus, it is only logical that Mr. Eisenhower should include that vast continent in his pre-summit venture in person-to-person diplomacy.

The President's Asian trek will take him to places no American Chief of State has ever been. On his return home in late December he will have seen Turkey, Pakistan, Afghanistan, India and Iran. The highlight of the trip will doubtless come in India, the latest nation to be threatened by overt Communist aggression. There is every reason to hope that, as a result of Mr. Eisenhower's visit to New Delhi, India and the United States will move closer to that mutual understanding that has been lacking far too long.

Indeed, the President's trip will come at the precise moment when all Asia is slowly becoming aware of the significance of the Communist threat. The atrocities in Tibet and the pressures on India and Southeast Asia are causing second thoughts among the neutralist nations of Asia. They are less trusting of Communist China than they were a year ago. The time is ripe to enlist at least Asian sympathy for U. S. aims and purposes in the Cold War. No man is better equipped for that task than he who carries with him the prestige of the American Presidency. We wish Mr. Eisenhower Godspeed.

Newsmen and Conscience

Catholic Presidential hopefuls are not the only ones being challenged these days. Someone on the staff of the *American Editor*, organ of the New England Society of Newspaper Editors, got the idea recently of posing this question to

several Catholics who are editors of secular newspapers: "Can a Catholic edit a newspaper in a community in which Protestants are dominant or conspicuous, and do a satisfactory job and avoid conflict with conscience?" In the October issue we find five published answers. Two editors said a conflict does exist, while three denied any conflict.

One of those who found his conscience at odds with his work said he rationalized his "heretical behavior" by subconsciously projecting himself "into the neutral entity of a secular newspaper editor who is filling that role through economic necessity." The other editor who testified to a conflict, a convert, said he solved his religious dilemma by ceasing to give editorial support to either Catholic or Protestant causes, although he continued to publish newsworthy items about both groups and their activities.

This division of opinion is evidence of sorts that Catholic working newspapermen have yet to formulate, to their common satisfaction, a clear-cut statement of their professional duties. But if the answers are unsatisfactory, the question is little less so. We are not told just what purpose the query was supposed to serve, nor whether the same question was put to Protestant (or Christian Science) editors in Catholic communities.

Levitating Leaders

Who wants a "jumping" photograph of Queen Elizabeth II, Albert Schweitzer, Charles de Gaulle or General MacArthur? We don't. And if photographer Philippe Halsman has "jump" shots of Norman Vincent Peale, Rabbi Louis Finklestein or Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, he can keep them. Along with a lot of other people, we were not impressed by his big spread of jumping celebrities in the Nov. 9 issue of *Life* magazine.

There is something a little more than wacky about the whole idea. True, this is a free country, and anyone who wants to can jump before a camera. But we find it silly when Paul Tillich, J. Rob-

ert Oppenheimer, Thomas E. Dewey and 87-year-old Judge Learned Hand strain their old backs doing little levitation acts for a wandering photographer. That goes for Adlai E. Stevenson and Vice President Nixon, too. Can you imagine Abraham Lincoln or General Robert E. Lee jumping and then jumping again while a photographer shouted, "Just one more!"

Yes, and along with Marilyn Monroe, Audrey Hepburn, Brigitte Bardot and Princess Grace of Monaco—all airborne—we found a jumping picture of our distinguished 71-year-old Jesuit colleague, Fr. Martin C. D'Arcy. Incidentally, though we hate to admit it, his jump was the best and most graceful of them all. As a jumper he can outclass Protestant theologian Paul Tillich anytime. But, in the language of the fight ring, Fr. D'Arcy should have stood in bed.

Lunar Labels

For two years after Russia put Sputnik I in the sky, we went whistling in the dark. We quelled our fears and masked our chagrin with the thought that if Soviet space rockets boasted bigger engines, our own satellites had more "sophisticated" instrumentation. In the early days of the space age, so the legend ran, miniaturized brainpower would outperform clumsy Soviet brawn in wresting secrets from the cosmos.

Since the launching of Lunik III on Oct. 4, we can no longer lay this flattering unction to our soul. Lunik III not only went aloft with lots of muscle—it streaked for the moon with graduate degrees in astronomy, navigation, photography and communications engineering. Then about Oct. 7, at a command signal from its Soviet masters, this educated missile successfully took a series of snapshots of the far side of the moon. This phenomenal bit of technical virtuosity was, if anything, exceeded by the delayed transmission of the developed photographs to Soviet tracking stations. The picture released to the world by Moscow on Oct. 27 not only gives us new fundamental knowledge of lunar geography but proves that the USSR can produce satellites that are as "sophisticated" as a convention of engineers.

We cannot resist one more blow at our national pride. The communization

of the moon is already under way, at least in a propagandistic sense. When Lunik III sent home its precious mapping data, a committee of the Soviet Academy of Sciences lost no time in dubbing newly discovered lunar features with Russian names. Already the far side of the moon has a Soviet Range and a Moscow Sea. Given a few more luniks with improved scanning devices, every major feature on the other side of the moon will soon bear a designation ideologically screened by the Kremlin.

Trade Curbs Dropped

Commercially speaking, the hopes of postwar planners came closer to fulfillment last week than anyone thought possible even a year or two ago. In a single sweeping gesture, the Austrians and British removed almost all quantitative restrictions on imports of dollar goods. The French announced that they would shortly start doing the same. Earlier in the month the Japanese and Australian Governments had indicated that they, too, were planning substantial changes in their dollar import quotas. As for the Benelux countries—Belgium, Holland and Luxembourg—they have long since shown the way to their bigger neighbors. Among European countries, only Switzerland has fewer quantitative curbs on dollar imports than they have.

Welcome as this development is, its immediate effect on U. S. exports must not be exaggerated. In their efforts to sell abroad, many American manufacturers, especially producers of luxury goods, have had to contend with high tariffs as well as skimpy quotas. In most cases the high tariffs remain. It is unlikely, for instance, that the removal of British quotas on U. S. automobiles will be of much help to Detroit. The British tariff on American cars is so high that few Britishers have the money or desire to pay the price.

Nevertheless, the lifting of quotas on dollar goods should somewhat accelerate the recent spurt in U. S. exports. This is, of course, an outcome very much to be desired, since the bigger the margin of our exports over our imports, the more favorable will be our balance of international payments and the lower the pressure on our gold supply.

Women in Red China

Red China's failure to meet its 1958 production goals (Am. 9/12, p. 684) does not mean that Comrade Mao has slackened in his effort to transform China's millions into an army of robots. If anything, last year's economic shortcomings have led the Chinese Communist party to exploit every available means of extracting more intense labor from an already weary people.

One such technique involves the "thorough emancipation" of women from their long history of "subjugation and enslavement." Translated from party jargon, this means that current policy demands an intensive attempt to increase the agricultural and industrial workforce by separating women from the ordinary chores of family life.

The *Toronto Globe and Mail* recently highlighted the magnitude of this destructive trend toward a specious equality of the sexes. The Peking Government now employs seven million women. Some 5,500 women are even chairmen or vice chairmen among Red China's 24,000 communes. The commune system itself, since mid-1958, is credited with releasing 55 million women from domestic drudgery and enabling them to become traffic police, bus drivers, railway porters, etc. Women even account for half the total labor force in agriculture.

We do not know what Chinese women think of their new equality and liberty. But one thing seems sure. The party bosses have found it a handy gimmick for doubling manpower in a state that is woefully short of mechanical horsepower.

Malodorous Fresh Air

If there were a \$64,000 prize for the most amazingly perverted answer to the question: "Have the rigged TV quiz shows been a disgrace to all connected with them and a real scandal to the U. S. public?" we know who would win it—hands down and without any coaching. It would be Albert Freedman.

Mr. Freedman, ex-producer of quiz program "Twenty-one," is at present in Mexico City. He is also under indictment in New York City for having perjured himself before the New York County grand jury by declaring that

the show was not rigged. He recently demanded the opportunity to state his case (what had he been doing before the jury?), and the Nov. 9 issue of the *New York Times* ran his lengthy self-defense. It is an almost unbelievable "justification" of unethical procedure in the entire field of entertainment.

All entertainment, claims Mr. Freedman, is precisely that and nothing more. The means used to that end don't amount to a row of beans. Nobody believes that the magician really saws the lady in half. Why should anyone, then, have been naive enough to think that the bright contestants were telling the truth when they gave answers that appeared to be coming from their own fund of knowledge?

As a matter of fact, Freedman righteously declares, the rigged quizzes really did a noble thing. They "let a breath of fresh air" in on the atmosphere of murder and violence that was suffocating TV.

So long as TV or any other entertainment medium is under the control of those so ethically confused—to put it charitably—there is little hope for any real cleanup.

Rigged Scholarships?

Recent TV quiz-show scandals have lent an unusually ominous ring to any charge of rigging in a test of intellectual talent. For this reason, added interest is bound to center around recurrent queries about a "fix" in our celebrated National Merit Scholarship program.

The fact is this contest has always been rigged. But in this case no dishonesty enters into the arrangement. From the start the National Merit Scholarship Corporation made it clear that regional considerations would influence its selection of winners.

Unfortunately, the name chosen for the program seems to have misled many students and educators into believing that it was a *national* contest in the fullest sense. In fact, though the same test is administered across the nation, each State has a predetermined quota of winners. The quota is based on the total number of a State's high school seniors in relation to the total in the country. Thus, it is possible for the top winner in a given State to have scored lower in the national test than a non-winner elsewhere.

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Behind this system of quota lies a controversial decision by the scholarship committee to allow for differences in the States' educational standards. While the system works a hardship on bright scholars in some States, it is defended as an effort to avoid penalizing talented youngsters in educationally underdeveloped areas.

Suspensions, then, about the integrity of our most widely heralded talent search are unjustified. Most of us look forward, however, to the day when regional differences in educational opportunity will have been eliminated. Then a truly national contest may be held.

Population Control on TV

On Nov. 11, a major network turned its camera on the lack of balance between population growth and food productivity in various parts of the world. The program frankly recognized the existence of controversy over the morality of certain methods of population control.

Filmed scenes of Indian farms and villages, of crowded hovels and streets brought home most effectively a lesson in the dimensions of human misery around the globe. The last quarter-hour of the show, however, was less successful. It took up differences in moral judgment among Americans on methods of birth control.

The failure of this section stemmed mainly from an effort to promote interest by creating the illusion of a dialog between two clerics—Msgr. Irving A. DeBlanc, director of the Catholic Family Life Bureau, and Episcopalian Bishop James A. Pike. The juxtaposition of brief clips from films made separately by these spokesmen failed to achieve the atmosphere necessary for fruitful examination of any complex question.

Thus, many viewers may not have grasped, in this truncated version of Msgr. DeBlanc's remarks, the importance Catholics attach to the fact that their stand on birth control is but part of a total moral code deriving from reason's grasp of an objective order in the very nature of creation. On the other hand, many may have drawn the false conclusion, from the context of one of Bishop Pike's comments, that Catholics, as opposed to other Christians, fail to

admit any purpose other than procreation in the marital act. That such ambiguities linger after this broadcast raises a serious doubt about the usefulness of dramatic techniques in discussing such a complicated and critical issue.

After TV, Shipping

Election year or not, it appears that the second session of the 86th Congress will have its hands full of hard and distasteful work. The protracted steel strike makes mandatory a thorough review of the emergency-disputes sections of the Taft-Hartley Act. The headlined hearings of the TV quiz scandal impose a searching study of the Federal Communications Act. And if the first phase of Rep. Emanuel Celler's probe of ocean transport is a sign of things to come, Congress may find itself faced with the onerous chore of revamping the Shipping Act of 1916.

Without a Charles Van Doren to feature, Mr. Celler's hearings on the shipping industry raised scarcely a ripple

ous apparent violations of the Shipping Act, the antitrust laws and related statutes."

Just as the TV hearings raised questions about the do-nothing role of the Federal Communications Commission in the scandal, so the Celler probe cast the Federal Maritime Board in a dubious light. So lax was the board in enforcing the law, according to Rep. George Meader, a Michigan Republican, that the companies took no pains to hide evidence of their wrongdoing. While this made the work of the subcommittee surprisingly easy, it suggested that the maritime board had been a much too friendly and somnolent watchdog.

Whose Zone?

What flag should fly over the Canal Zone? Since 1903, when Panama granted our country "all the rights, power and authority . . . which the United States would possess and exercise if it were the sovereign of the territory," the Stars and Stripes have flown there. On Nov. 3, however, a group of demonstrators, mostly students, clashed with U. S. police forces while trying to raise a Panamanian flag on Canal Zone soil. Eighty persons were injured, as the rioters tore to shreds the American flag before the U. S. Embassy in Panama City and pitched rocks through the windows of USIS headquarters.

Why did the incident happen? For one thing, elections are coming next year in Panama, and the organizer of the flag-raising "invasion" is a candidate for the Presidency. A more important explanation is that Panama, like many other Latin American republics, is being swept by a wave of nationalism. That mood prompts Panamanians to denounce the 1903 agreement, to demand "equality" and a larger share of the Canal's revenues. They seize on the statement of U. S. rights in the zone, and insist that Panama, not the United States, is sovereign there. As the daily *Estrella de Panamá* put it, in an editorial on Nov. 6, "If it is sovereign over the Canal Zone, why has the United States been paying us an annual rent?"

Sharp notes were exchanged between the two Governments immediately after the clash, but in his press conference on Nov. 4 President Eisenhower alluded to it as "only an incident." That

Christmas Forethought

Fall is a season when many of our readers send AMERICA to their friends as Christmas gifts. We got a letter the other day from a K. of C. chapter in a large city; the Knights are giving AMERICA to 29 branch libraries there. A lady graduate of a secular college is sending AMERICA to all the girls' dormitories at Alma Mater. A man in Chicago wants AMERICA sent to two missionaries, one in Chile, another in India. Do YOU give AMERICA?

in the press (which reflects, one might add, small credit on the press). Nevertheless, there was enough dynamite in the probe to make the industry fearful of a Washington explosion. On completing a month of hearings on Nov. 6, the New York Congressman, who is chairman of the antitrust subcommittee of the House Judiciary Committee, told the press that he had uncovered a "shocking situation." The self-regulation permitted the industry by the Federal Maritime Board, he charged, "has resulted in widespread abuses and numer-

same day President Ernesto de la Guardia Jr. of Panama minimized its importance and urged Panamanians to use diplomatic channels, rather than violence, in the assertion of "their just rights."

Divorce Down Under

Last May a Federal uniform divorce bill was introduced in the Australian Parliament. Catholic spokesmen have criticized the bill as a whole because its effect would be to open up new grounds for divorce in every State. But the strongest objections center around

Clause 27 in the proposed new law.

This provides for granting a divorce (after five years of separation) by mutual consent of the parties. Though Attorney General Sir Garfield Barwick insists that the clause is "in the best interests of social and moral welfare," the Anglican House of Bishops recently charged that it would lead to illicit unions and undermine the sanctity of marriage.

Prompt support of the Anglican position came from Roman Catholic quarters. After consultation with Norman Cardinal Gilroy, Archbishop of Sydney, Fr. Leslie Rumble, M.S.C., stated: "We

... join with the Anglican bishops in appealing to members of Parliament to reject that clause."

Uniformity in divorce laws within a country is often a highly desirable thing. Wide differences from State to State in the ease with which divorces can be obtained will lead to contempt for the law and a weakening of the marriage bond. But uniformity should decidedly not involve adopting the lowest common moral denominator. It is this conviction that has united Australian church leaders in their vigorous defense of the integrity of society's fundamental unit.

The Mills of the Law Grind Slowly

The State of Mississippi finds itself faced with an horrendous choice. The State must either allow Negroes to register as voters or be unable to prosecute Negroes for crime. So in effect said the Supreme Court of the United States last month.

The story in this case concerns a 32-year old Mississippi Negro named Robert Lee Goldsby. On September 4, 1954 a group of Negroes entered a gasoline station near Vaiden, Miss., run by a white man, Bryant Nelms, and his wife. Nelms ordered the Negroes to leave. As they drove off, several shots were fired. One of the shots killed Mrs. Nelms; another wounded her husband.

Later the same day several Negroes, including Goldsby, were arrested and jailed on suspicion of the crime. Since a .32-caliber pistol was found on Goldsby when he was apprehended, he was indicted and prosecuted for the murder of Mrs. Nelms. Evidence was given that a ballistics examination by the FBI in Washington had identified the bullet taken from Mrs. Nelms' body with the gun found in Goldsby's possession.

Despite what the Court of Appeals later described as an able defense by Goldsby's lawyers—both white men—he was found guilty and sentenced to death. Yet today, more than five years after the commission of the crime, Robert Lee Goldsby is still alive. He has spent the five years in jail, while legal battles have raged around his name.

The battles began when a Negro lawyer entered the case and raised an issue which Goldsby's white lawyers

had neglected. The jury that found Goldsby guilty was composed entirely of white men. Not only that, said Goldsby's attorney, but from time immemorial Negroes had been systematically excluded from jury service in Carroll County, where the trial took place.

According to precedents going back as far as 1880, to try a Negro before a jury from which members of his own race have been systematically excluded is to deny him the equal protection of the laws guaranteed to all persons by the Fourteenth Amendment to the U. S. Constitution. Therefore, a conviction obtained from such a jury cannot stand.

The issue of unconstitutional exclusion of Negroes from the jury should have been raised when the trial began, not after the defendant was convicted. Three years of effort on the part of Goldsby's indefatigable attorney were needed before a court could be persuaded to consider the issue. Finally, however, the U. S. Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit took the question under consideration and handed down a notable decision last January 16.

Circuit Judge Richard T. Rives, speaking for the court, found that in fact Negroes were consistently prevented from serving on juries in Carroll County. In Mississippi only males over 21 who are also registered voters are competent to serve as jurors. But although 57 per cent of the county's population are colored and there are almost 2,000 Negro males over 21 years of age residing there, none of them has ever served on a jury. Of the public officials questioned by the court, not one could clearly remember any instance of a Negro having been on a jury list in the county. True, there had been two Negroes registered as voters in the

county, but both had died before Goldsby's trial. These facts, said Judge Rives, constituted a strong prima-facie case of systematic exclusion of Negroes from juries, and the State of Mississippi had not refuted the facts. The judge explained the State's duty in these words:

The United States Constitution does not guarantee to a defendant in a State court a trial before a jury in which his race is proportionately represented, nor a trial before a jury composed in any part of members of his race, nor even a jury trial at all, if other defendants are not accorded a jury trial. It does assure him of equal treatment under the law and that, so long as the State elects to accord jury trials, it must not systematically exclude from jury service qualified persons of his race.

The Court of Appeals therefore declared Goldsby's conviction unconstitutional and void. Mississippi could try him again, but only with a jury from which Negroes were not systematically excluded. The State appealed this decision to the U. S. Supreme Court, claiming that Negroes voluntarily refrained from registering as voters. Having thus disqualified themselves from jury service, they should not be allowed to escape punishment for crime.

The Supreme Court refused to listen to this argument. On October 12, it declined to review the case and thus in effect affirmed Judge Rive's ruling.

Goldsby is still in jail. But under the order of the Court of Appeals, Mississippi must give him a constitutionally valid trial within eight months or let him go. It will be a hard choice for the State. But the State's decision will be significant for many besides Robert Lee Goldsby.

FRANCIS P. CANAVAN

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Washington Front

Man Who Makes Music Wherever He Goes

THE DATELINES will be changing quickly—first Rome, then Ankara, and afterwards Karachi, Kabul, New Delhi, Teheran, Athens, Tunis, Madrid and Rabat—but the story almost surely will be the same all along the line.

In every city great throngs will line the main thoroughfare. There will be a craning of necks as a motorcycle wedge heralds the approach of the bald, pink-faced American. Then, as he comes along in an open car, his big hands high above his head, a roar of acclaim will explode from the multitudes. For some time afterward, there will be an unbroken smile back along the parade route, evoked by the American's own flashing grin.

That's the way it will be as President Eisenhower flies about Europe, Asia and Africa next month on a grand tour embracing eleven countries.

The foreigners who see him probably wouldn't believe it, but he won't be enjoying the role he will be playing in such motorcades. For one thing, it will be terribly wearing. For another, as he tells intimates, he will never really get a good look at the things he ought to be seeing—he will be too busy trying to be gracious to the crowds. (This explains why he and Mrs. Eisenhower are planning to take a leisurely trip around the world when he retires from the White House.)

Why, then, is the 69-year-old statesman taking on

MR. FOLLIARD, a Pulitzer Prize reporter, will accompany the President on his trip to Europe, Africa and Asia.

On All Horizons

WORLD THANKSGIVING DAY. The fourth Thursday in November, first celebrated in the United States as a day of thanksgiving, may become a world-wide institution. The Crusade for a Universal Thanksgiving Day, under the auspices of the National Conference of the Bishops of Brazil, reports encouraging progress. Organ of the movement is *Deo Gratias* (Caixa Postal 1212, Avenida Rio Branco 9, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil).

►EASTER SESSIONS. The annual convention of the National Catholic Educational Assn. takes place next year in Chicago, April 19-22, with the theme "Emphasis on Excellence." A special Sisters' Housing Bureau has

been set up at 205 W. Wacker Dr., Chicago 6, Ill.

►RELIGIOUS CARDS. In the field of fine commercial engraving, religious themes are winning an increasing number of top awards, according to the Engraved Stationery Mfrs. Assn.

►FIELDS AFAR. The newly released World Mission Map of 1959, issued by the Catholic Students Mission Crusade, indicates the ratio of Catholics to the total population according to region, continent and country (CSMC, 5100 Shattuck Ave., Cincinnati 26, Ohio. 50¢).

►THE LAW AND THE CHURCH. The *Ohio State Law Journal* announces

such a long and grueling tour? The answer is in two parts.

General Eisenhower, while not an excessively vain man, is well aware of the fact that he is known and admired throughout most of the world. He knows too that he is blessed by some magic quality by which he is able to win the hearts of men. And that, he realizes, is an important national asset.

The other part of the answer he put on the record at a recent news conference. Asked why he was going on this 20,000-mile tour, he said that he hoped that in Asia and elsewhere he would be able to achieve a better understanding of the United States and promote good will. He said that if he was successful in this, it "would be a great thing for us."

When the President is received in audience by Pope John XXIII on Dec. 6, we will be reminded anew of what a violent century this has been. It will be the first meeting of an American Chief Executive and a Supreme Pontiff in more than 40 years. But it is certain that the principal topic of conversation will be the same as in the conversation between President Woodrow Wilson and Pope Benedict XV on Jan. 4, 1919—that is to say, "a just and lasting peace."

Yet history will have contrived some striking differences, too. The map of the world has undergone a drastic change since Benedict XV occupied the Chair of St. Peter, and today's alliances would look strange against those of four decades ago.

Also, Dwight D. Eisenhower seems to travel under a more kindly star than poor Woodrow Wilson, whose health and hopes for peace were both shattered. Montaigne, looking at the record of our 34th president, would call him "a man of prodigious fortune."

EDWARD T. FOLLIARD

for mid-November a special issue devoted to Church Law. Leading articles by legal and religious experts cover the history of and present trends in American legal relations between Government and Church and between faiths and their congregations. The legal quarterly is published by the Ohio State University College of Law, Columbus 10, Ohio (\$1.50 per copy).

►MARIAN THEOLOGIAN. Rev. Juniper B. Carol, O.F.M., of Paterson, N. J., editor of *Marian Studies*, has been selected as the 1959 recipient of the Cardinal Spellman Award of the Catholic Theological Society of America. This is conferred annually in recognition of outstanding achievement in the field of theology. The society is open to all priests, upon application to the Rev. Secretary, CTSA, St. John's University, Jamaica 32, N. Y. R.A.G.

Editorials

President Visits the Vatican

THE PRESIDENT'S DESIRE to call on Pope John XXIII during his December tour of the Middle East and Asia is perfectly in harmony with the object of the tour itself. His intention in the informal visits to eleven nations, as he told his press conference on November 5, is "to build a better understanding of the United States and good will for us." In these countries, particularly in Asia, he will strive to personify the United States as a country sincerely dedicated to peace and to the liberty and progress of all peoples. Some of the nations he is to see are particularly vulnerable to Kremlin-inspired distortions of U. S. intentions. Others are our friends, but we can sometimes insult our friends by taking them too much for granted. Few there are who doubt that the round of visits will be an encouraging success, provided no inexcusable blunders mar its planning and execution. A personal appearance of President Dwight D. Eisenhower, with all the attention that goes with it in each place, can do much to build confidence and good will.

It is likely that the Rome stopover was dictated by the disappointment of the Italian Government when Mr. Eisenhower in August made his hurried pre-Khrushchev visits to London, Bonn and Paris. Once in Rome, the President's papal audience will be as inevitable as it is right. Nowadays, what king or commoner goes to the Eternal City without seeing the Pope?

The visit to the Vatican has an additional value all its own. As that intimate of Presidents, Arthur Krock, has recently reminded us, every Chief Executive in modern times has evinced concern for the judgment of history on his influence for peace. What could be more appropriate for Mr. Eisenhower than a call upon the Roman Pontiff, who incorporates in his person the Church's centuries-long dedication to peace? The President can only gain from associating his own ideals and aims with those which the whole world acknowledges

to be embodied in the papacy. A step into the calm atmosphere of the Vatican, where nations and civilizations are judged in terms of ages and not decades, can be a great help in strengthening the long perspective so necessary for carrying out a sound and lasting peace policy. And where the President is benefited, the entire American people receives advantage at the same time.

The multi-nation tour will witness the first visit ever paid by an American President to an Asian country. For the Vatican call, however, there exists the precedent of Woodrow Wilson's 1919 audience with Pope Benedict XV, recalled in this issue by Edward T. Folliard, AMERICA's Washington Front correspondent. President Wilson appreciated the grandeur of the occasion, even though his austere Presbyterian upbringing couldn't have put him particularly at ease in the Pope's presence. He ignored the ill-concealed displeasure of the Italian anticlericals then at war with the Holy See.

Mr. Eisenhower's problem in approaching his Vatican visit is of a different sort. We are sure he will rise to the occasion as his predecessor did before him. This time the challenge comes not from unfamiliarity with things Catholic, or from the thinly veiled annoyance of Italian anticlericals, but from certain sections of the American people themselves. Unable to stop the visit to the Holy Father, these persons are already coming forward to instruct the President as to how to proceed, what to say to the Pope, how to say it and what not to say. We are confident that President Eisenhower will make this visit to Pope John XXIII the dignified affair it is entitled to be, unspoiled by self-defeating gauche-ries dictated by ill-advised and ignorant bigots. The result will be a rich harvest of respect and esteem for our country in those circles abroad, Catholic and non-Catholic, for whom the papacy represents the highest goals of international friendship and collaboration.

Is There a "Catholic Vote"?

MESSEURS. Elmo Roper and James Reston see things against a large factual background. Both have recently addressed themselves to the question of the existence of a "Catholic vote" in this country.

Mr. Roper, public-opinion analyst, writing in the October 31 issue of the *Saturday Review*, grants that there is still enough bigotry in the nation to impel "from 6 to 8 per cent" of voters to abandon the party of their choice in order to vote against a Catholic candidate for President or Vice President. He does not see any probability, however, that such a candidate could "sew up" any significant number of Catholic votes.

The basic reason for this, in Mr. Roper's view, is that

"Catholics are many things." They are not only Irish; they are Italians, Germans, Frenchmen and Poles. "Catholics are liberals—and they are conservatives. Catholics belong to labor unions—and Catholics are unhappy about labor unions. Catholics are Republicans—and they are Democratic." In fine, Mr. Roper concludes rather wryly: "It seems to surprise some people that Catholics are people!"

There is no room here to detail all the facts Mr. Roper adduces to justify his belief that a Catholic candidate would not sew up many votes. He shows, for example, that in 1952 Massachusetts Senator John F. Kennedy polled his largest margin over a fellow Democrat, Adlai

Stevenson, in the county with the smallest percentage of Catholic voters.

James Reston, political analyst of the New York *Times*, is somewhat more convinced that there is a Catholic vote. In his *Times* column for November 1 he hedges a bit by conceding that "maybe there is no 'Catholic vote' in this country. . . . Maybe there is no anti-Catholic vote." But the fact of the matter is, he goes on, "the professional politicians believe that both exist, and will go into the Los Angeles convention thinking so." Mr. Reston suggests that a Catholic vote will become all the more consolidated if the suspicion grows that such a potential candidate as Senator Kennedy is becoming the target of a "no-Catholic-for-President" campaign.

We hope that Roper is more right than Reston. For Mr. Roper's approach to the question makes a real contribution, not only to a better understanding of Catholics by non-Catholics, but even to a better appreciation by Catholics themselves of our legitimate and laudable

diversity of opinion in matters political, cultural and civic. We Catholics are indeed many things, because we are people. And people, we have always understood, do have their differences.

On one thing we cannot differ and remain Catholics: our devotion to and love for the Church and our dedication to her divine mission. But in other fields, this Review will continue to interpret to the best of our talents and abilities the application of that mission to the world of temporal affairs. Our specific applications may not always please everyone, but that is because we Catholics are many things—and not because we or those who disagree with us are the less dedicated to the divine mission of the Church. Frankly, if every Catholic in the United States saw eye to eye with us on all things, we could hardly call ourselves "a journal of opinion." There would, after all, be little point in publishing a review whose main purpose was to establish the fact that water is wet, or that everything is just peachy in the best of all possible worlds.

Court Clarifies Taft-Hartley

AS A RESULT of the decision handed down on November 7, we now know—with all the certainty an eight-to-one ruling of the Supreme Court gives—two facts about Sections 206-208 of the Taft-Hartley Act which have hitherto been obscure. The first is that Federal district courts possess full constitutional power to enjoin "strikes or lockouts which . . . imperil the national health or safety." The second is that the issuance of such injunctions is contingent solely on a finding of fact. It does not depend in any degree on the use of judicial discretion in framing the decree.

The doubt about the court's jurisdiction under Taft-Hartley stemmed from the ban on legislative and executive activity imposed by the Constitution "on the judicial power of the United States." Arthur J. Goldberg, attorney for the United Steelworkers of America, had argued that since the steel strike was not illegal, there was nothing to enjoin. Sections 206-208 of Taft-Hartley, he said, set up no criterion of lawful or unlawful conduct. Although the court conceded that the law raised no issue of crime, it pointed out that Sections 206-208 did recognize a question of equity. The law asserted the existence of certain rights of the public in paralyzing industrial disputes and made the Government guardian of those rights. In responding to the guardian's appeal for an injunction, the court was only determining the "case or controversy." Since such an action, it said, held no "element capable of only legislative or executive determination," it was not "violative of the constitutional limitations prohibiting courts from exercising powers of a legislative or executive nature. . . ."

By vindicating its jurisdiction in those terms—which will give greater satisfaction to the legal than to the lay mind—the court abdicated all use of judicial discretion. In the words of dissenting Justice William O. Douglas, the majority's decision means that "the judicial function rises to no higher level than an IBM machine." Con-

tending that "an appeal to the equity jurisdiction of the Federal district court is an appeal to its sound discretion," he reminded his colleagues that "one historic feature of equity is the molding of decrees to fit the requirements of particular cases." But in the steel case there had been no molding of the decree. The Pittsburgh court, he charged, had ordered 500,000 men back to work "when the inactivity of only 5,000 or 10,000 of the total imperils the national 'safety'."

The majority, however, could find no basis in Taft-Hartley for anything but a blanket injunction. The law, it said, was designed for public emergencies. It did not give the court power to require the Government to reorganize an industry, or to show, as a requirement for a blanket injunction, that such a reorganization was impractical. Earlier in the decision, the majority had explained that in approving Sections 206-208 Congress had not been concerned either with the merits of the dispute or with the conduct of the parties to it. It had been intent only on getting the strikers back to their vital jobs until further efforts could be made to break the deadlock.

Did this great case, as Justice Douglas intimated, referring to a famous remark of Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, make bad law? So far as emergency disputes go, did it make the Federal court "merely an automaton stamping the papers an Attorney General presents"? However much one may argue about that, what can be said for certain is that the great case did not resolve all doubts about the language of Taft-Hartley. The court did not decide whether the phrase "national health" comprehends the nation's "economic health," as the Government contended, or means only the "physical health of the citizenry," as Mr. Goldberg argued. Evading the issue, it affirmed the injunction solely on the ground that the steel strike is clearly imperiling national safety.

New Images of Man

W. Norris Clarke

"NEW IMAGES OF MAN" is the theme of an unusually interesting and thought-provoking exhibition of contemporary sculpture and painting on view until Nov. 29 at the Museum of Modern Art in New York City. The 23 American and European artists here represented by some hundred of their works are not content with the absorption in pure abstract form which up to now has dominated about 80 per cent of contemporary exhibited art. They all feel in some way the urgent call to body forth in canvas and paint, in wood, metal and stone, their inner vision of what modern man is really like, of what has happened or is in the process of happening to him, under the veneer of his well-tailored, superficially healthy surface.

Though these artists are for the most part quite independent of each other and belong to widely different schools, there is enough unity of idea, imagery and feeling among them to make their silent judgment on our age unusually significant. The artist has always held up the mirror to his own time for those who have the eyes to see and the courage to want to see. His own eyes may not always be perfectly clear, and he may not see all that is there. But it is dangerous for the rest of us not to stop periodically in the headlong rush of our daily living and take a long attentive look at the products of his vision. This is what I would like to do in what follows, speaking not as an art critic, but as a Christian philosopher, focusing on what these men are trying to express rather than on the artistic adequacy of how they express it.

I am aware that to many the attempt to disengage any definite meaning or idea-content from a piece of modern art will seem a hopelessly arbitrary and subjective enterprise. This may well be true for most of the dominant abstract art. But one of the significant things about the present exhibition is that it marks a notable departure from pure abstractionism. The latter movement had worked out its own inner genius to such a pure degree that it was bound sooner or later, like all particular movements in art, to call forth its own counterpoint. Though the present group could not express themselves in the way they do unless they had learned the lessons of abstractionism, still I think it is undeniable that most of them are seriously concerned with giving expression to a vision or image of man that is in some recognizable sense a criticism of life. I am

FR. CLARKE, S.J., who looked at modern man in our recent symposium, "Christians Confront Technology" (9/26), tells how painters and sculptors see him.

supported in this by the commentary of the director, the excerpts from the artists' own writings on the aims of their work, and the perceptive preface of Paul Tillich, distinguished Protestant theologian and critic of culture—all contained in the excellent book of text and photographs which serves as catalog for the exhibit. The comments of four sculptors—Leonard Baskin, Reg Butler, Balcomb Green and Theodore Roszak—on the opposite page illustrate what these artists are trying to do.

A CREATURE OF TENSIONS

What sort of images do we see in this hall of mirrors for contemporary man, so skillfully mounted for our benefit by Peter Selz, curator of painting and sculpture exhibitions at the Museum of Modern Art? The most powerful over-all impression that struck me was that nowhere here could one find man at peace, man in harmony with himself, with his fellows or with the world that is supposed to be at least temporarily his home. Almost every artist lays him bare, in his own arresting way, as a creature of taut, often agonizing tension, confused as to who and what he is, painfully lonely and isolated from his brothers, the depersonalized victim of his own triumphant technology or of dark primitive forces unleashed from his own subhuman depths.

It is as though these painters and sculptors felt it was no longer safe to allow themselves or us to focus on the external beauty and grace of the human form, as earlier artists had done, mercifully concealing the machinery and obscure forces at work within. This would only flatter us, dull our sense of danger and lull us into a fatal slumber, while the poisonous gases of self-complacency and illusion continued to do their deadly work. We must rather be taken brusquely by the shoulder and vigorously shaken up, made to see what is happening to us within. Hence in most of these works all protecting surfaces are stripped away. Man is laid bare to the engine room, so to speak, with all his inner wheels, wires and power lines exposed. Even where an outer surface is apparently kept, the taut lines of bone, nerve and muscle pierce so transparently through that the veil of skin and flesh serves rather to reveal than to conceal what is underneath. This insistent urge to analysis in depth, leaving no recess of privacy unprobed, no refuge of illusion unexposed, reflects unmistakably those two typical techniques of our day for exploring the hidden dimensions of man: the X-ray camera and psychoanalysis—or rather, to be really up to date and actually more accurate—"existential" psychoanalysis. It would be hard to portray more aptly the pervasive spirit of inner ten-

sion and anxious self-analysis so characteristic of modern man in an urban technological society.

Let us now explore in detail the characteristic feelings about himself and his world that emerge from these new images of man. What are the sources of his anxiety and tension? He appears, first of all, as the depersonalized victim of his triumphant but soulless technology. Who can forget the pitiful dejected shell of the once noble hero Jason, created by the British sculptor Paolozzi out of old bits of discarded metal, wheels and tubes, pierced by jagged holes revealing the emptiness within? Or the heavy, earth-bound Icarus in the same style, stretching out helplessly his stunted (or fractured?) wings? With a little meditation one begins to share the artist's vision of man as fallen from his human dignity and his once heroic grandeur to the level of a run-down robot, a discarded reject of his own technology.

A similar theme recurs in the works of the French sculptor César, especially in his arresting figure of a female torso roughly welded of old bits of metal, whose iron blisters and amputated legs and arms, ending in jagged splinters of corroded steel, speak of human precariousness and the decay of the flesh more eloquently than any materials formed by nature herself could do. It breaks out again in a violent cry in the tremendously dynamic "Iron Throat" of the American Roszak, a great eroded skull in steel plate and tubing, its mouth open in an enormous shout—an image, one cannot help but think, of the power of communications: all voice, but dead within.

THE LONELY MAN

A second common theme is that of lonely man, isolated both from his fellows and the world of nature with which he was once in harmony. This is marvelously evoked by the "thin people" of the Swiss Giacometti, undoubtedly one of the most gifted sculptors of the group. His figures in bronze rise tall and indescribably thin, sometimes only a few inches in width for a height of six feet or more, each one infinitely withdrawn into itself and remote from every other, even when they form a group on a public square. As one critic has said, his figures may stand or walk, but they never rest; they are too tensely introspective and self-enclosed for repose. Aside from "ideology," however, for sheer artistic magic with the utmost economy of materials, his evocation of space and its mystery in the soaring figure of a "Man Pointing" has few equals that I can recall.

Something of the same impression of loneliness and isolation in the midst of the world is reflected also in the stiffly awkward couple in two of Diebenkorn's canvases. They seem to be strangely lost and out of place in the coolly indifferent and impersonal space of the room that is presumably their home. Francis Bacon's painting of the huddled figure of a man in the center of a landscape, completely alien to the nature around him and absorbed in himself, is another striking example. This lack of a sense of organic harmony and at-home-ness with his environment is one of the most frequently recurring themes of the exhibition. The same

inner loneliness breaks out again in quite a different way, it seems to me, in the hectic gaiety of De Kooning's pathetically erotic women, with their desperately extrovert eyes and fixed toothy smiles. The restless, agitated flow of lines, masses and colors in these paintings achieves an admirable interpenetration of idea with artistic form.

Germaine Richier's sculptures make us pass from the isolation of man from his fellows and the world around him to his own uncertainty about himself within. Her strange, half-human figures, hovering ambiguously between man and animal or plant, like "The Grasshopper" and "Don Quixote of the Forest," seem to suggest that modern man is no longer so sure whether he is really human or only a mask for something more primitive.

A milder form of the same inner uncertainty and loss

What We Want to Say

LEONARD BASKIN: The forging of works of art is one of man's remaining semblances to divinity. Man has been incapable of love, wanting in charity and despairing of hope. He has not molded a life of abundance and peace, and he has charted the earth and befouled the heavens more wantonly than ever before. He has made of Arden a landscape of death.

In this garden I dwell, and in limning the horror, the degradation and the filth, I hold the cracked mirror up to man. All previous art makes this course inevitable. . . . Our human frame, our gutted mansion, our enveloping sack of beef and ash is yet a glory.

□

REG BUTLER: Somewhere at the back of my mind I think there has always been a conviction that to achieve an appropriate paraphrase of his own image may well be the most considerable achievement of which man will ever be capable, . . . even perhaps a feeling that a society which evades a resolution of its own face may in the course of time be seen to have failed itself in a thousand other respects.

□

BALCOMB GREENE: Since 1942 I have worked back to an apparent imagery or representation. The best I can say for a motive is that I "felt in my bones" that I had to go that way. . . .

Painting devoid of conscious imagery can be powerful, but it seems to me this power has lessened after Mondrian. The language of abstraction, like an earlier language of visual accuracy, was most powerful while being learned. . . . The doctrine of a pure esthetic which disdains the image of man can only be disputed from the moralist's position, by those who wish to live.

□

THEODORE ROSZAK: The modern artist, acutely aware of the human predicament, re-creates proto-images that cut across time. He mirrors the eternal spirit of man despite technocracy's chronic indifference to his intuitive life, and wars against the current reduction of man's personality to a docile and convenient cipher.

of self-identity is reflected in the blurred or faceless figures characteristic of several of the painters. Their image of man suggests someone who has lost all awareness of who and what he is, as he moves through a mysteriously opaque and alien space. Such are Bacon's two "Studies for a Portrait of Van Gogh" and Nathan Oliveira's "Man Walking" and "Standing Man with Stick," although the latter warns us: "My concern for the figure is primarily a formal one, growing out of the problems of painting itself. The implications are unconscious."

The last major theme of the exhibition, if one can call it a separate theme, I can best describe as a kind of pent-up outburst or explosion of indignation at all man's inhumanity to himself and his fellow man. The unbearable anguish of man's self-imprisonment and self-mutilation bursts out at us with brutal explicitness from Bacon's painting of the "Man in a Blue Box," in which a powerful figure is shown rising from his chair, his whole face exploding in a vast cry of agony, his pose suggesting with sinister ambiguity that he is both judge and accused at once. Compassionate indignation flames out at man's regression to the beast in Rico Lebrun's paintings, "Buchenwald Pit" and "Study for Dachau Chamber." In a similar but more muted and resigned vein are Leon Golub's paintings of "Damaged Man," a pathetic yet heroic figure systematically dislocated in every member, and his more normal and at the same time more deeply moving "Orestes" with its strangely haunting face, the essence of bewildered pain beyond words borne with Stoic resignation and the determination to endure despite it all.

An affirmation of human dignity, however, shines through Lebrun's work in the strange light of glory that seems to radiate from his tangled heaps of limbs, some of them marking as on a clock of human history that



the time is well past high noon (the fancy struck me that it was also the time of the Passion of the Son of Man). As he himself tells us, "I wanted to express the belief that the human image, even when disfigured by the executioner, is grand in meaning. No brutality will ever cancel that meaning. Painting may increase it by changing what is disfigured into what is transfigured." Golub, too, with his "Colossal Head," points to man's heroic will to endure despite his tragic vulnerability and the enveloping threat of mutilation or annihilation. "The ambiguities of these huge forms," he writes, "indicate the stress of their vulnerability versus their capacities for endurance."

Let us call a halt reluctantly to our very incomplete inventory and reflect a moment on what we have seen. (I have had to omit many minor themes and outstanding individual works, often of stirring power and beauty, such as Roszak's "Skylark," a poem in shining steel of a

figure alive with motion, half-bird, half-human, pivoting on tiptoe in the act of taking flight, with a burst of stars for a face; or the seated thinker in squared stone of the Austrian Fritz Wotruba. [See our cover.—Ed.]

What is the significance of it all, if any? The image of man which emerges here is certainly not one which would be greeted with enthusiasm at a Rotary Club convention. Despite the compassion behind it and the occasional flashes of hope, grandeur and beauty which break through the storm clouds, it is on the whole a somber and threatening picture: an image of inner tension, anxiety, uncertainty, depersonalization, vulnerability to powerful subhuman forces seething just beneath the thin veneer of civilization—an image, in a word, of the extreme precariousness of man's human dignity and the dangerous erosion it is undergoing on all sides.

THE ARTIST CONFUSES US

The spontaneous reaction of the non-professional, "man-in-the-street" observer tends at first to be a sense of disorientation and bafflement at being suddenly confronted with this strange and disconcerting picture of the man he thought he knew so well. This can quickly turn into a feeling of resentment—even indignation—as though he were being presented with a deliberately distorted and unflattering portrait of himself. "What have you done to our humanity?" one feels like complaining to the artist. "Why have you so mercilessly laid bare the dark corners of our soul, why have you so dislocated and dissected our natural beauty in order to reconstruct the parts in such artificial and disturbing patterns?"

But the artist can with justice throw the challenge right back at his accuser: "My images reflect what I see. What I have been watching is yourself. The real question is: What have *you* done to our common humanity, to yourself, to your brothers and to me? You accuse me of taking man and nature apart like a machine and refabricating them in unnatural new forms. But isn't that exactly what you have done to the world around you with your technology, sometimes creating new beauty but often, with careless ruthlessness, leaving only ugliness and distortion behind as the price of utility or comfort? And isn't the taking apart and artificial reconstruction of man exactly what 'social engineering' has already done in Russia and China and threatens to do in any technological civilization?"

"I am not trying to paint you as you look, or would like to look, from the outside, but as you really are, or fear that you are, within. I am not judging you, but only trying with compassion and sympathy to give expression to your own secret, inarticulate image of yourself. Do not people always experience a moment of resistance and resentment when brought face to face with their hidden selves for the first time? Yet is this not the only path to self-renewal? I am doing nothing else than what you pay your psychiatrists for doing. You should thank me, rather than blame me, for having revealed to you the hidden face of your own soul."

And I think the artist would be right. Admittedly he

does not see all that is to be seen among us. Perhaps his hope and faith are not as strong and obvious as his spirit of protest. This may be his defect. But what he does see and image forth for us is certainly there. It would be wise for us not to turn away our eyes because the face in the artist's mirror is not the beautiful and inspiring one we had hoped to see, but one furrowed with agony and fear.

The people who had to live through Buchenwald and Dachau have good reason to want to bury their trauma in oblivion. But the facts behind these names, and their all too numerous counterparts in other sections of the world, remain an ineradicable scar on the face of 20th-century man which neither the historian nor the artist has the right to forget. As Tillich puts it in his perceptive preface, these makers of art

are fighting desperately over the image of man, and by producing shock and fascination in the observer, they communicate their own concern for threatened and struggling humanity. . . . If they depict the human face, they show that it is not simply given to us, but that its human form itself is a matter of continuous struggle.

Who of us would be willing to deny that our century will stand out in history as the one in which the ultimate precariousness and vulnerability of man were unveiled for the first time? Perhaps our artists have read the record better than we like to think.

PESSIMISM DESPITE SUCCESS

A problem remains in my own mind, however, that has long puzzled me and that the present exhibition has only brought to a head more acutely. I would like to propose it to the readers of *AMERICA* for their reflection and for what further light they can throw upon it. Why is it that, despite our constantly increasing prosperity, comfort and technological mastery over nature, the majority of our outstanding contemporary artists, both literary and otherwise, remain quite unimpressed by this aspect of our culture and the widespread optimism it generates, and persist in presenting a predominantly somber image of the decline and dehumanization of man? Are they merely expressing their own private resentment at their loss of prestige compared to the businessman and the scientist; at their isolation within the highly organized, team-work society around them; at their inability to feel at home and come to terms with the machine age; or possibly at their alienation from the ancient religious roots of art?

It is true that the artist, who must necessarily remain a lonely individualist in the disappearing tradition of personalized craftsmanship, and who for long has had to live as a kind of vagrant on the margins of society, has felt the pressure of the technological age more keenly than most people. He has had to face the difficulty not only of finding a place for himself within it that will not suffocate his art, but also of keeping himself from being so spiritually, imaginatively and emotionally overwhelmed by its complexity that his art itself cannot get it into focus with adequate unity, totality and depth. Could it be, then, that the artist's darkly

colored portrait of lost and anxious contemporary man is really only a disguised projection of his own ambiguous and frustrated predicament?

On the other hand, his very distance from the world which nourishes him gives him a better vantage point, like that of the philosopher and the saint, for discerning what is truly significant within it. Is it he, then, who has seen more clearly than the rest of us? I do not know the answer. But while we wait for more light on the matter, it would be wise for us to give our artists the benefit of the doubt and meditate humbly on how we might provide them with the model for the happier and more harmonious image of man that we hope to find in the art exhibits of the next generation.

Songs for the Fourth Commandment

I. MAN ON A ROAD

My father, looking ahead to life,
walked up the rutted road to talk to Father Harris,
preparing for a journey, at eighty-five.
He had walked many places through the years—
a boy of six, liking flowers and weeds,
knowing their names, feeling the wind,
never worrying much—his eyes
upon the way and destination.

The years went by, became a sum.
Today he took them to the priest
just to talk about a journey.
None of his friends and family along—
a private thing that one can do alone
who has known roads and thoughts.
A man who has done journeying
is not afraid, or even brave,
but knowing destinations, likes
the look and feel of things upon a map.

II. PHOTOGRAPH

"I love little old ladies."
That was not it; my mother is not little;
Straight and tall, regal her gentle face,
Gentle and pure with life,
Not ever having mixed it with some false commodity.
Not ever having harbored grief as grief
But as some precious price for something beautiful,
She keeps the years and days.
"She's eighty-two," I said.
The girl before me, young and sweet,
Will know some day when time is fruited in eternity
And all of us know words at last,
She will know then how the frail face
Caught by photography above the lace
Is more like morning than anything at all
Of dawn, Eastern and quiet, I've known on earth.

SISTER MARY FAITH, O.S.B.

Birth Control or Rhythm?

Paul Hilsdale, S.J.

MANY a person's difficulty with the Church's stand against birth control is aggravated when he's told that rhythm is all right but contraception is a mortal sin.

"Why all this casuistry?" he asks. "If the Church allows family planning, surely it's only a technicality what method you use. After all, if you're going to avoid pregnancy, what difference can it make to God if you do so by contraception or by using the rhythm cycle?"

The Catholic approach to the problem of our exploding world population has been competently discussed, for example, by John L. Thomas, S.J., whose able treatment of the question appears in *Social Order* for March and April, 1959. Here I want to limit the discussion to the narrower subject—or accusation—that there is something arbitrary about the distinction drawn by the Church between rhythm and contraception (using the words "contraception," "birth control" or "artificial birth control" more or less interchangeably).

Some think that God really is opposed to all kinds of family planning; that He wants married couples always to express their love for each other physically whenever the spirit moves, without first consulting a thermometer or calendar. "This is what the Church law originally meant," so goes their answer, "and no one doubted it for over a thousand years. But with the development of the biological sciences some sharp canon lawyer found a loophole in the law. The Church moves slowly, so she hasn't yet got around to plugging that loophole. And until she does, Catholics—especially the less fervent ones—will, no doubt, continue to take advantage of it."

Fortunately there is another answer that does more justice to God's providence and to the wisdom of His Church. It is based on the premise that man differs from the lower animals precisely because he possesses a rational soul, and because his biophysical drives are under the (often precarious) dominion of reason. Sexuality in animals, for example, is a drive that impels to action, given the appropriate stimuli and conditioning. But in man it is a desire that he chooses to express or restrain freely, according to circumstances of person, time or place.

A couple may, therefore, enjoy normal marital relations whenever their love suggests, without waiting—as other animals must—for times when conception is likely

to follow. So also they may abstain whenever intellect presents valid reasons for so doing.

No need to discuss here just what reasons are valid ones—the so-called "indications" listed by Pope Pius XII that justify the use of rhythm. Suffice it to say that if husband and wife decide that another child will involve serious hardship, they may in perfectly good conscience decide to limit the size of their family. Moreover, the decision is up to them, not—as many seem to think—up to their confessor, provided, of course, they know well the Church's teaching about what reasons give sufficient justification.

So much for background considerations. We come now to the core of our problem: Once husband and wife have made a prudent decision to postpone or avoid future pregnancies, how exactly may they go about it?

INTELLIGENT DECISION-MAKING

The question can, of course, be answered simply by appealing to the teaching of the Church, trusting in her superior wisdom. Indeed, this recourse to the external authority of God is the most satisfactory procedure and the one that leads to our highest degree of certitude. But the human mind is always curious to see if it can get some further insight, however dim, into the internal reasonableness of what it already accepts on faith. It is mere natural inquisitiveness, therefore, and not a lack of faith that pushes many a Catholic to ask *why* it is that rhythm is pleasing to God and not contraception.

The standard answer is quite simple. 1) Contraception is the placing of an artificial obstacle to natural sexual relations. But man has no right so to interfere in such a basic natural process. Therefore contraception is morally wrong. 2) Rhythm is but the non-use of the sex faculties during the fertile period of the month. But merely not using sexual powers is hardly wrong (else how explain the lives of Mary and Joseph?). Therefore rhythm is morally licit.

The argument is based on the essential difference between using the sex powers while artificially blocking their course and simply not using them, in short between *abuse* and *non-use*.

This standard answer is quite valid, but deceptively facile. It depends on the meaning of the word "natural," and this, in turn, depends on a carefully reasoned analysis of the nature and purpose of the sexual act.

In terms of such an analysis the philosophical-minded validate the reasonableness of periodic continence and the essential irrationality of any antecedent frustration of the sexual act. The whole argument has the ad-

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vantage of rigorous logic but the disadvantage of being exceedingly difficult to grasp. Here I want to suggest a variation of this approach, one that will be easier to understand though possibly less rigorous in its logic.

To begin with, the love of husband and wife has to be seen in its supernatural setting, in the light of the expressive title of Bishop Sheen's book *Three to Get Married*. Then it becomes clear that a choice between rhythm or contraception is not a mere private decision to use one technique or another, like choosing to watch TV in color or black-and-white; rather it is a decision that involves a three-way dialog between husband, wife and God.

AN INVITATION

From this point of view, marital relations may be thought of as an invitation to God—an invitation for Him to enter into the love of husband and wife as Creator, endowing a human soul with existence and mending life. For parents have power to mold out of their own bodies only the body of a child, not its soul. As God alone was able to create the world out of nothingness, so can He alone create out of nothing a human soul. That He chooses to do so almost at the beck and call, as it were, of mankind remains an impenetrable mystery: God the all-powerful never taking the initiative in creating a human person until He is invited to bring to perfection the work of human love!

Looking at marriage from this point of view, measuring the human action not only in its human but also in its divine dimension, we should be in a better position to see the reasons that support the Church's teaching.

It may help now to come down from the stratosphere and study the principles in three real-life situations.

Jane and George have been married for three years. They just had their first baby, and the family doctor warns that Jane's condition is delicate, that she should not risk another delivery for several years. They consult another doctor and get the same advice. Saddened by the news, they make the only possible prudent decision: to avoid pregnancy. They agree to give up the use of their marriage rights for the next year. Intelligently religious, they know their human weakness, so they turn to God and ask Him for strength to keep their resolution and for wisdom to work out practical safeguards in their daily life. They go to Mass more often and open themselves more to the grace of the sacraments, for they need an overflow of His love in their lives. No longer do they invite Him to come as Creator as they did in the past. Now, rather, they invite Him as Protector, and they pray for the gift of His strength and constant encouragement.

Ronald and Mary face a similar prospect. They have three children, and an Rh factor in their blood types now makes another pregnancy inadvisable. They decide to use rhythm, to confine their sexual relations to those times when Mary is not likely to conceive. They are warned of the difficulties this will involve and of the psychological tensions they will have to cope with. But with God's grace and with honest human insight and restraint, they hope to adjust successfully.

What does this mean from God's point of view? How does it fit in with the supernatural viewing of sexual relations as an invitation to God and to His creativity?

It is still an invitation. Ronald and Mary continue to be fully open to each other and to God. Their gift is complete and total, holding nothing back.

When He gave Mary a regular monthly cycle, God was letting her know in His own direct way—for He always prefers actions to words—those days on which He willed to give only physical intimacy and love without also exercising His creative power. So now they plan to make a sacrifice in obedience to His will: to give up marital relations except on those days when, as He has been careful to let them know, *He chooses* not to come as Creator.

Ronald and Mary are resolved not to forbid God to exercise His creative power *if He so wills*. In this their attitude to God is altogether different from that of Catholics who might decide to enjoy the sexual act but use a device, knowing its sinfulness, to guarantee God's exclusion. In the final event they will not try to take the initiative away from God. They tell Him that the invitation is still open for Him to come as Creator, but they add an earnest explanation of why they would appreciate His declining it. Ronald and Mary may not be actually thinking this, but if they were, if their spiritual sense were fully developed, they would find themselves praying: "Your will be done; we leave the final decision up to You. But still . . . we do hope You won't want us to have another child right now!"

Now let's examine an attitude almost diametrically opposite to that of Ronald and Mary. Karl has been out of work for six months. He and his wife, Anne, already have four children; they simply cannot afford another.

Their decision to limit their family is intelligent and prudent, but not so the means they select.

Looking for the easiest way of dealing with their problem, they simply go to the corner store and buy contraceptives. But it takes three to get married. How are they treating the Third Partner in their marriage?

That is an important question to answer.

Their situation is like the one we paint in our imagination of the innkeeper and his wife at the caravanserai in Bethlehem on the first Christmas night. They open the door of their warm room and see in the cold darkness outside a dusty, tired young man, his pregnant wife and their poor donkey. "Move on," the innkeeper says as he pushes the door closed in their faces. "We've got no room for you here." And with those words he refused hospitality to the Lord of creation. Was he a selfish, greedy man, waiting for more wealthy customers to show up? Was the inn really full? We cannot assess his personal guilt. But the fact remains that he shut the door of his home in the face of his God. Fortunately for him, that same God, as we now know, is merciful and understanding and will not count it against him



unless he knew at the time that he was doing seriously wrong.

So Anne and Karl may have little or no idea that by their contraceptive action they are literally closing the door of their marriage against their Creator. They may be such poorly instructed Catholics that they do not consider birth control a mortal sin. If so, they have been included in our Lord's prayer on the cross: "Father, forgive them. They do not know what they are doing."

But if they really do believe that their action is seriously wrong, and if they still proceed against God's express command, then were they logical—which in all probability they are not—they would have to look directly at God and say: "We plan to take advantage of all the pleasures You made possible by creating us man and woman. But we want our love to ourselves; we do not invite You into it. We resent the threat of Your presence as Creator and serve definite notice that You're not wanted. And to make sure You stay out, we will use physical means to frustrate the natural completion of our action."

This would be a terrible and frightening state of mind. Few people, perhaps, are sufficiently logical to see that this is the meaning of their action. And God, of course, does not punish His children for doing what they think is allowed. But He does want them to be

instructed—and to be spared the psychological and social evils that their ignorance might occasion. We cannot forget that one of the spiritual works of mercy is to instruct the ignorant. (Cf. John R. Connery, S.J., AM. 2/21/59, p. 589.)

In translating the meaning of contraception into these blunt words, therefore, I intend no condemnation of the ignorant—and how many can be sufficiently depraved to speak to their God in such language? We cannot see into our neighbor's conscience. We simply do not know what lights God has given to those who have no clear Christian teaching as a guide, and who depend for direction on the persuasive propaganda of the slick-paper magazines and the confused example of their friends.

For Catholics, however, the example of these three couples should at least clarify the intellectual problem, providing some insight into the reasonableness of our belief. For some it may do even more, giving moral and emotional guidance as well. For many couples seem to experience a vague and uneasy guilt about their use of rhythm, even when they have perfectly legitimate reasons for avoiding another pregnancy. If they can make their own the attitude of Ronald and Mary, as I've sketched it here, they will discover peace of soul, and they will find their love now has room for God.

Is Germany Afraid of Success?

Joseph H. Fichter

THE PHILOSOPHICAL discussion of technology in a recent issue of AMERICA (9/26) was in marked contrast to the sociological discussions I had on the same subject with a number of Germans during the past summer. The main difference was that AMERICA's writers were positive and cheerful, while Germany's commentators were negative and fearful. Both imply that they have certain insights into what is happening to man and society in this technological age.

Everyone knows that Germany has experienced an unprecedented and unexpected economic recovery since 1948, when the currency reform was pushed through by the occupying Powers. If anywhere in the foreign-aid program, American financial assistance proved tremendously effective in Germany. The farms and factories have produced an abundance of commodities. The standard of living has curved up sharply, and Germans are materially better off now than ever before in their history. Their prosperity is a marvel to the

rest of the world; and their ability to produce consumer goods is a direct result of the large-scale application of technological know-how.

Social scientists have studied the "German Problem" intensely, but from another point of view, mainly in an attempt to understand authoritarianism and totalitarianism. In the beginning of the war, Erich Fromm tried to analyze Germany's *Escape From Freedom*. During the war, R. M. Brickner asked a book-length question, *Is Germany Incurable?* After the war, less emotional and more scientific studies appeared, like Rodnick's *Postwar Germans* and Robert Lowie's *Toward Understanding Germany*. During this decade of prosperity the sociological focus has shifted, and the German sociocultural system has to be approached from a different conceptual framework. The goals and the methods have changed, and the effect of these changes has been a new phenomenon—and a new source of fear.

There seem to be hidden fears in some countries about Germany's sudden resurgence. These fears—apparently for different reasons—are shared by many Germans, mainly middle-aged bourgeois and professional people, mainly educated and settled people. They are worriedly brooding over this prosperity. They profess

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to be alarmed at the materialistic trend in the German culture. They seem to have a guilt complex about full stomachs, electric stoves and indoor plumbing—not for themselves, but for the lower-class people who never had these things before. They shake their heads dolefully about workers buying television sets, young men riding motorcycles, rural girls moving to the city for better-paying and easier jobs.

This is an intriguing question for any social scientist. Why is there a wave of worry in many German minds that their country has been *too successful*? The answer is multiple and complex because it draws from many elements in the German culture and society.

One of the principal factors involved here is that a strong traditional culture is always disturbed by rapidity of change. The German comment is that "this material progress came too quickly. We have not been able to absorb it. We are only gradually learning to adjust to it." This is reminiscent of Ogburn's culture lag. The institutions most affected by technological innovations are racing ahead of the other institutions. Psychologically, patterns of thought are not keeping up with external behavior patterns. The consequence, for those who are thinking, is mental confusion and anxiety.

It is even more significant sociologically that this rapid transition is occurring in a society that has long had a relatively rigid class structure. It must be noted that the present uneasiness about material progress is found mostly in the minds of professional and managerial people, whose class status has always been fairly high, and also of older people who are unlikely to experience further upward mobility. The intelligentsia and the upper bourgeoisie seem to be alarmed that the masses are striving for and obtaining more and more of the good things of life. Parents, priests and professors imply that these lower-class people, especially of the younger generation, are incapable of handling such advantages without becoming materialistic and even atheistic.

The German in this frame of mind tells the American: "We are in your footsteps, and we will later be where you now are." The implication in this remark is not a flattering one, nor is it meant to be. Many Germans seem to share the Hegelian evolutionary mystique, but almost in reverse. They talk as though they envision the goals of this process on a lower, almost "devolutionary" level. They read Robert Jungk, Simone de Beauvoir and William Faulkner. As a result, they entertain a distorted conception of the American culture as a grossly sensate and secular system. In other words, they hold to a cultural caricature of America at the present time, which they pretend to dread because they foresee it as the inevitable next stage in the development of Germany.

A fourth consideration faces in the opposite direction, towards East Germany. My impression is that genuine fraternal concern for fellow nationals under the Soviet rule has noticeably weakened. The hope of ultimate reunification has not been abandoned; but the hope seems to be just that: ultimate and dim. Contacts with friends and relatives across the border are less frequent; moral, psychological and material assis-

tance to them is decreasing. There is a feeling of guilt about all this. The idea is that feverish concentration on West German success has been in inverse proportion to concern about the East German situation.

Another worrisome aspect for older people is the shift in the traditional value of *Sparsamkeit*. The old notion of thrift seems to have been abandoned in the patterns of both savings and consumption. Installment buying of household goods, which had previously been considered a mark of personal and social instability, has now become widespread. The eagerness to buy new things, in response to modern advertising, before the old things are "worn out," is also widely apparent. Conservative Germans look upon this as panicky behavior, a sign of grasping self-indulgence that would never have been countenanced in the "old days." Giving up old-fashioned thrift is interpreted as a vague threat to economic stability and as a harbinger of depression.

Finally, it must be said that industrial technology has always been an uneasy institution in the German culture. Even in the late 19th century there was already a strong "nature movement" that was deliberately fostered as an antidote to industrialism and urbanism. Nature is a mother to the Germans, and not a servant, as she is to Americans. This concept has never died—even through the upheavals of the past half-century. The attempt to keep a balance between the wonders of nature and the wonders of technology is probably a strong subconscious source of worry about the present extraordinary prosperity of the country.

The question whether the Germans really have something to worry about goes beyond the theme of my



present discussion. The evidence is quite clear that many of them are worrying and that some of the sources of their worry are built into their sociocultural system. If you ask them what they are worrying about, the answer comes quickly: the spread of materialism. By this they mean, in the contemporary context, the "technological spirit" which Pope Pius XII condemned in 1953.

This is, of course, an important moral problem, and it brings us back to Father Weigel's remark in AMERICA: "The heightening of man's creative power can readily also be the occasion of man's moral deterioration." Whether or not this moral deterioration is really occurring in Germany (or in the United States) is a judgment I would rather not make at this point. The worrisome Germans with whom I spoke during the past summer are convinced that this is happening in their country, and that it happened long ago in the United States.

State of the Question

LEARNING BY DOING WITH A CATECHISM

About two-thirds of the way through this article on catechetics, it will probably occur to the reader that the author is describing a book and a method that embody what is best in the methodology of John Dewey. Few men in the world are as well-equipped as Fr. Johannes Hofinger, S.J., to tell a good catechism from a poor one.

A foreigner visiting the United States cannot help being impressed by the vast educational network of the Church in this country. Made possible by the sacrifice and constant striving of both hierarchy and laity, it bespeaks the vitality of American Catholicism, alert and responding to its task of educating the child as a citizen of two worlds.

When Catholic universities and colleges, secondary and elementary schools, nurseries and kindergartens welcome students at the beginning of every new scholastic year, many have to be turned away from overcrowded classrooms. Over 60 per cent of the elementary school children and about 75 per cent of the high school boys and girls have to attend public schools.

Call for Lay Apostles

The religious education of these children presents a great problem. In his radio address in 1946 to the eighth National Congress of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine at Boston, His Holiness Pope Pius XII recognized this problem and proposed a solution. He stated: "Priests will not suffice for the work; sisters will not suffice. The laity must lend their valiant cooperation." The generosity of lay catechists working in this country under the aegis of the CCD attests eloquently their acceptance of the challenge. The Confraternity appeals to volunteers, to those who are willing to spread the "good tidings" at the price of personal sacrifice, to be unpaid and unsung heralds of the Gospel.

Frequently even the physical conditions under which these catechists teach are a disadvantage. In many instances classes must be conducted in a borrowed kitchen or garage, or in a large parish hall shared with a number of other teachers and crowds of children. The school of religion often

meets on Saturday or Sunday mornings or after school, certainly not an opportune time. Also these pupils spend a great part of their time in an atmosphere completely divorced from religion; many cannot boast of truly Christian home surroundings. For these and other reasons the teaching of religion to children attending public schools presents a far more difficult situation than does that of children favored with full-time Catholic education.

There is a great necessity to see that classes are made attractive. The religion teacher is competing with recreational activities, with a coveted Saturday or Sunday morning long sleep. Perhaps there is even a conflict with the child's favorite TV program! But the child must receive inspiration. He must come to realize that it is his privilege to attend religion classes, to receive the spiritual treasure which awaits him there.

Obviously this is a great work, and since it must be achieved in a short time by teachers frequently not fully prepared for the task, it is imperative that the Confraternity teacher be helped as much as possible. Teaching must be geared so that each precious class hour will produce maximum results. Each lesson must be a living seed of Christian truth which will bear lifelong fruit in Christian learning and living. The teacher must be able to center his teaching on the essentials of Christian doctrine and to build up a genuine Christian life on these essentials.

After lay catechists have been trained for their apostolate by courses in doctrine and methods (usually 30 hours of each), they cannot be expected to launch into their work without continued guidance and even help in the preparation of their lessons. A committee of sisters of the Archdiocese of San Francisco, under the direction of Sister Maria de la Cruz, of the Helpers of

the Holy Souls, has undertaken to fill this need through the publication of the "On Our Way" series, comprising Teacher's Guide and Pupil's Workbook for the elementary grades. The first- and second-grade books of the series, published by W. H. Sadlier, Inc., have been widely acclaimed both here and abroad. The third-grade books were published in August and are now being used for the first time.

This series presents the finest in modern catechetics. As the Archbishop of San Francisco, Most Rev. John J. Mitty, states in the introduction:

The "On Our Way" series offers something new in the field of religious education. It represents the first attempt in the United States to base an entire course of studies on the kerygmatic approach to the teaching of religion. This approach, which has come to the fore in the past several decades, brings the child into a deeper personal appreciation of Christ and His Mysteries through a careful selection of material. This selection emphasizes especially the right ordering of related truths in accordance with the laws of child growth and development. By presenting the message of Christ as a wonderful unity with one central theme, the "On Our Way" series avoids the danger of giving pupils some incoherent fragments instead of an organized divine message.

The first-grade course presents the story of God's love for us as manifested in Christ. In the second grade the child learns of Christ again, but in a new perspective. He is taught that Christ was sent by the Father, so that through Him the Father might communicate His own divine life to His earthly children and give them His divine Son in the Holy Eucharist. This is one of the ways in which the child is initiated into appreciation of the sacramental life so intimately connected with the whole mystery of Christ.

Acting It Out

The child learns to be a doer and not merely a hearer of the word. Guided activities help him to find true Christian joy in his religion class.

Dramatization, gestures, drawing, singing, choral speaking make the sharing of the Christian message a joyful experience for both teacher and pupil. There is none of the regimentation, rigidity and mechanism which charac-

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terize a catechesis which adheres to slavish textbook memorization. Instead, one finds here the "liberty of the children of God," expressing their love for the Heavenly Father as little children should, with their entire being. The impression received is thus much more deeply engraved, not only on the mind, but on the heart. What child will fail to be impressed by a class activity such as the following at the end of a lesson on God the Father:

Stand up; open your arms (like this), as if you were going to reach out to God. Say with all your heart: "My Father in heaven, I love You." Let's say it again.

And the application:

Wasn't it nice to thank God, and tell Him that we love Him? . . . You can use your own words or you can say: "I love You, Father in heaven. (hands clasped together) You're as good as You can be. (arms raised to heaven) I know You give me everything. (broad gesture encircling everything) I know that You love me. (hands crossed over breast)"

Interspersed throughout the lessons

are indications calling for short pauses of one minute of silence in which the child can commune with God, deepen the impression received, so that his mind and heart can relish the truth imparted, so that he may speak of it to his heavenly Father or to Christ His heavenly Brother and Lord. Thus the child is led from his earliest years, not merely to address God in mechanical formulae (which often enough are without meaning to him), but to make his prayer really a lifting up of the mind and heart to Him. Too often in imparting religious instruction we forget that our aim is not merely knowledge but union with God. Here, once more, the lay catechist can profit by the guidance of experts in catecheses.

Learning the Liturgy

Even from the first grade the child is trained to an active participation in the liturgy. The syllabus fits in with the liturgical cycle and the little songs suggested in many of the lessons gradually introduce the pupil to participation in the liturgy. For example, in grade two the lesson on the Blessed Trinity con-

cludes with the singing of the first part of the Gloria Patri—Mode 5—in the vernacular; the lesson on baptism with the beginning of the Agnus Dei (in English) accompanied by gestures expressive of supplication and contrition.

The Workbook for grade two concludes with lessons on the Mass including prayers at the level of the child, but yet entirely in the spirit of the liturgy. There is no sentimentality, but heartfelt expression of the deep love which unites the Christian in offering himself to the Heavenly Father with, in and through Christ Our Lord.

The appearance of the first two books in this series makes us hopeful that with such catecheses to guide them the lay catechists of the United States may truly form the little ones confided to their care into more perfect children of the heavenly Father, who serve Him in the joyfulness of their loving hearts. And, since there is nothing of the quality of this material for the Catholic schools, we cannot help hoping that Sadlier will bring out a similar work for them.

JOHANNES HOFINGER, S.J.

Spiritual Manna

Betty Grosswendt

ONE OF A PASTOR's big problems is the care and feeding of Catholic minds. Busy parish priests have little time for a multitude of study and discussion clubs, and information classes need most of their chairs for non-Catholics. Yet, Catholics require some kind of group activity to combat their religious illiteracy.

The parish of St. Lawrence Martyr in Redondo Beach, Calif., has found one answer to the problem of achieving adult Catholic education on a large scale. Msgr. Daniel P. Collins, the pastor, already had the framework in his guild system; there were 1,500 women parishioners organized in neighborhood guilds. He then appointed a coordinator for all the guilds, who arranged programs of spiritual topics for the year and furnished chairmen with material each month. There were to be three general meetings of the combined guilds during the year.

With parishioners of varying education, background

Mrs. GROSSWENDT, mother of six children under eight years of age, still finds time to indulge her hobby of free-lance writing.

and interests, there had to be experiments to find procedures and topics that would hold everyone's interest. In one guild, for example, the chairman had trouble coaxing members to speak up. The average member of this guild has a high school education; her reading is usually limited, by time as well as by taste; by economic necessity her interests and experiences are confined to the home. When the chairman saw the first scheduled topic, "Keeping Monotony Out of Marriage," she knew her girls could contribute to the subject, if only they would forget their shyness. She picked three and gave them points to bring up after her own introduction. The "plants" did the job; members were chiming in eagerly to refute or confirm ideas.

In another guild, however, the girls are college-trained, or have an equivalent background of travel and wide reading. The chairman had to keep a tight rein on every discussion or have it monopolized by the fastest talkers. In one month's discussion of the forthcoming ecumenical council, a panel of several girls was tried. Most of the allotted time was used for information on past councils, the Eastern rites and the possibility of Orthodox reunion with Rome. It worked out so well

that panels have been used frequently, with different girls participating each time. This technique helps achieve one of the program's aims: to develop poised and articulate, as well as informed, Catholic women.

The year's schedule was a planned sequence of studies. The session on marriage was followed by a general meeting with three speakers prominent in the fields of community service, public relations and politics. The talk on politics stimulated so much discussion that a future program has been scheduled on "How Catholics Can Make Good Government." A program on "The Persecuted Church" suggested so much unfamiliar Church history that there was a lot of new activity at the parish library. The coordinator then scheduled a popular speaker on Catholic books for the next general meeting, which drew 350 women.

Least successful was a program on "The Home As a Little Church." The material may have been too familiar, and the program may have tried to cover too much in 30 minutes. However, many families in the parish started annual customs—such as the Advent wreath and the Passover dinner on Holy Thursday—because of it.

The two most popular programs were the ones on

the persecuted Church and the Orthodox churches. The women would seem to prefer new areas of learning, such as these were for most of them.

The danger of trying to squeeze in too many ideas was shown again in the program on the persecuted Church. "Mexico is a big enough subject without Europe," was one comment. Another said: "I would have liked to hear more about the Church in Latin America."

There is one guild whose program is always more successful than the others. The chairman thoroughly rehearses her own and her helpers' parts. She does research on items she thinks will interest members. Her enthusiasm and relaxed manner of speaking give an informal, friendly tone to the program, and encourage the other members to speak up. This chairman also has the knack of drawing out less vocal members and tactfully cutting off personal discussion.

Msgr. Collins emphasizes that the spiritual programs are a beginning with the end not yet in view, but he feels that for many parishes they offer the best known opportunity for fostering a Catholic mentality among the greatest number. They certainly offer a wonderful apostolate for the Catholic who wants an intellectual challenge in her parish life.

AMERICA *Balances Books for the Children*

The Worlds of the Very Young

THE CHILD just emerging from babyhood with its pristine discoveries finds himself immersed in new and involved experiences. He is sometimes confused between fact and fancy, and even if he is not confused, may well find that imagination is more fun than reality. *Fierce John*, by Edward Fenton (Doubleday, \$2), describes the frustrations of a very young man whose indifferent family fails to realize, until he puts on a strenuously convincing performance, that he is really a lion. William P. du Bois' drawings capture every action and mood. Little Bear is another young creature with imagination. His animal friends encourage him in his flights of fancy and are sometimes huffily disappointed because the "Maybes" don't come true. *Father Bear Comes Home*, by Else H. Minarik (Harper, \$1.95), has easy-reading text and wonderful late-Victorian-style illustrations of a lovable Little Bear, a comfortable Mother Bear and an understanding Father Bear, drawn by Maurice Sendak.

If a young person at nursery school or kindergarten should pause in painting or bead-stringing or plant-watering

to wonder what has become of mother since she deposited him at the school door, author-illustrator Dorothy Marino has provided a plausible answer in *Where Are the Mothers?* (Lippincott, \$2.50). Brief sentences and full-page pictures show the mothers feeding babies, painting walls, planting gardens and working in offices or stores, in satisfactory correlation with their school children's activities.

Lucy McLockett was as good as gold when she was five, but by the time she was six she had changed for the worse. She lost all sorts of things, including her temper, and once she lost herself. Luckily that was the day she learned something which brought her back to normal. Phyllis McGinley tells this cautionary tale in racy rhyme, illustrated by Helen Stone (Lippincott, \$3).

"I wish we could do what they do in Katroo. They sure know how to say Happy Birthday to You!" You guessed it. It's Dr. Seuss telling us in his weirdly wonderful words and uninhibited slapdash pictures how the Birthday Bird (trained by the Happy Birthday Asso-see-aye-ation) stage-manages the

big day for lucky children of Katroo. *Happy Birthday to You!* is published by Random House (\$2.95).

Madeline and Spanish Ambassador's son Pepito find themselves in a sad predicament at the beginning of *Madeline and the Gypsies*, by Ludwig Bemelmans (Viking, \$3.50). Afterward the gypsies take them on a carnival tour of France, which is interrupted by an indignant Mademoiselle Clavel. The author-illustrator has included some charming scenes of provincial France among the spirited pictures in this latest Madeline adventure.

In the course of performing a good deed, Nicholas and Peter are carried off in a train. Almost immediately they get the chance to do an even better deed, for their quick actions prevent a wreck when the engine-driver and the fireman are simultaneously incapacitated. *Nicholas and the Fast-Moving Diesel* (Walck, \$2.75) is an amiable wishful-thinking yarn by Edward Ardizzone, illustrated with marvelous storytelling watercolors by the author.

If you have been thinking that the feline hero, *Puss in Boots*, came naturally by his swashbuckling characteristics, Hans Fischer will set you right. His big picture book tells the traditional

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folktale, with hilarious interpolations in words and pictures that reveal data hitherto unknown to most of us. (Harcourt, Brace. \$3). The same firm is also the publisher of Grimm's *The Wolf and the Seven Little Kids*, adapted and edited by Felix Hoffmann. The softly tinted illustrations are superb, although squeamish adults may object to one or two. The price, \$3.75, seems a bit steep for the somewhat flimsy binding. Lillian Quigley retells the old Indian fable, *The Blind Men and the Elephant*, in easy-reading sentences enlivened by Janice Holland's delightful illustrations in soft blues, grays and reds, which capture the atmosphere of this ancient oriental land (Scribner. \$2.95).

Readers who have been following Louise Fatio's *Happy Lion* picture books will rejoice in *The Three Happy Lions* (Whittlesey. \$2.25). Even young lions must struggle to find their place in the world. The cub François failed miserably until he found his niche. Roger Duvoisin's gay illustrations show just how everything happened.

Jill laughed when the mother plover fooled her. It was fun to fool the bird in her turn, by training field glasses on the nest from a hidden vantage point, and watching the baby plover hatch out. *Peep-Lo*, written and illustrated by Jane Castle (Holiday House. \$2.50), is a "beginning-to-read" nature story.

Pitidoe the Color Maker, written and illustrated by Glen Dines (Macmillan. \$3), puts a new twist on an old plot. Resk, the kindly old wizard who is the color maker in the land of Soo, leaves his helper Pitidoe in charge while he goes on a journey. Pitidoe promises to follow all his master's instructions. But alas, he embarks on a series of color experiments which amaze (and horrify) the people of Soo. The hilariously mournful tale is told against a backdrop of stunning illustrations in a riotous range of color.

Kaspar was a mouse who subsisted

very comfortably in Fr. Mohr's church until Mr. Gruber, the organist, stopped dropping luscious crumbs around. Kaspar grew desperate. For lack of anything more tasty, he chewed on the organ bellows. That was how it happened that there could be no organ music for Midnight Mass, and that was indirectly the reason why the famous hymn, *Silent Night*, was written. Elisabeth Wenning tells the story of *The Christmas Mouse* (Holt. \$2.95) with gaiety and good taste. Barbara Remington's brilliantly designed illustrations capture the atmosphere of Christmas in old-time Austria.

Ceci, a Mexican kindergartener, chose a beautiful star-shaped *piñata* to hold the candy for her first *posada*, or special Christmas party. She grieved when the *piñata* was broken, although this was part of the celebration. But then her star whispered something wonderful to her, and she was happy again. *Nine Days to Christmas*, by Marie H. Ets and Aurora Labastida (Viking. \$3.25), tells a tender, fanciful story against the realistic background of life in a middle-class Mexican home. The illustrations are splendidly colorful and informative.

For Those a Bit Older

For the girl just emerging from the picture-book age, Helen Kay presents *A Pony for the Winter* (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. \$2.75). Deborah can scarcely believe her luck in getting Mollie from Playland Park to care for. Dad and Mother warn Deborah that she is undertaking a big task, but the little girl is sure she can succeed. She proves her grit in the face of unforeseen problems and retains her love for the pony. She is delighted to be asked to board Mollie again the following winter. Ingrid Fetz' full-page illustrations show a chubby, purposeful small girl and her patient and helpful family.

Reindeer Trail, written and illustrated by Berta and Elmer Hader (Mac-

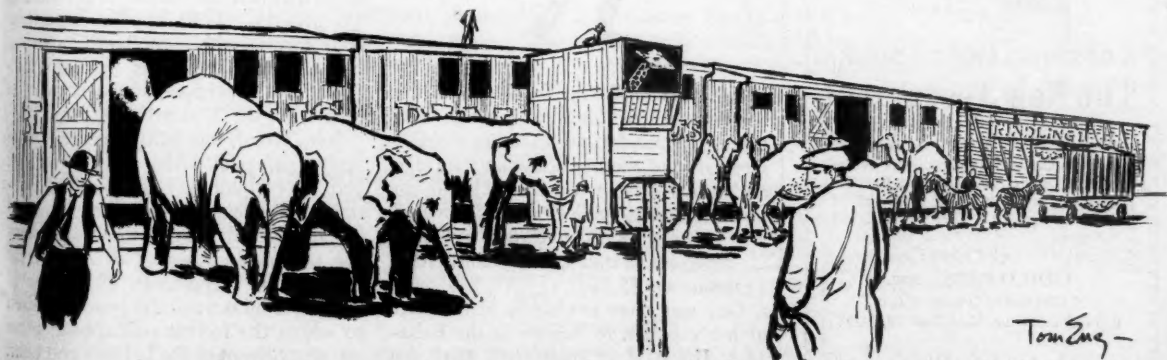
millan. \$3.25), relates an episode which had vital significance for the Alaskan Eskimos of the late 19th century. Because of the increasing scarcity of game, these people were in danger of dying out. They were saved through the importation of reindeer from Lapland. This story is told from the point of view of some Eskimo children and of some young Lapps who took the long journey to Alaska.

One day Mr. Dawson went out on an errand for his wife and somehow returned home accompanied by an elephant named Mrs. Pearson. Mrs. Pearson was a friendly and understanding beast, but she caused a little discontent in the neighborhood. Mr. Dawson's problems make a rib-tickling yarn. *Mr. Dawson Had an Elephant* (Bobbs-Merrill. \$2.75) is written by R. O. Work and illustrated by Dorothy Maas.

Uncle Peel was a peddler with an itching foot. Toby liked the road, too, but he wanted to stay put in winter. Now that the two of them were making friends in the town of Golden Pond and Toby was getting a part in the Thanksgiving play, the thought of moving along made the boy unhappy. *A Feather Bed for Toby Tod*, by Katherine Reeves (Crowell. \$3), ends in a compromise which pleases everyone. Grace Paull's cheery pictures add color to a gay little story of yesteryear.

In *Kerry* (Morrow. \$2.75), Beatrix Moore describes the trials and tribulations of an Irish water spaniel who became separated from his young master. This is easy reading, with some suspense and enough pathos to satisfy any dog-lover. The illustrations are by the distinguished E. Harper Johnson.

Eddie is a popular character who has already appeared in a number of books written and illustrated by Carolyn Haywood. In *Eddie and Louella* (Morrow. \$2.95), he loses his parrot, Louella, and tracks her down with his usual determination. David, hero of



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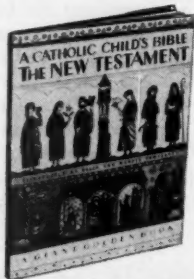
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several books by Catherine Woolley, makes a new appearance in *David's Campaign Buttons*, illustrated by Leonard E. Fisher (Morrow, \$2.75). The neighborhood ball club runs into difficulties when they try to play on the street. Their efforts to get the town council to give them a ball park plunges them into the delicate art of politics with David as spearhead.

The girl orphans were inconsolable when they found they were not to keep the baby boy. Josine, who had discovered him in a bread basket, was the youngest girl in this French home, but she was also the most stubborn. Natalie S. Carlson relates the extraordinary outcome of Josine's determination in *A Brother for the Orphanlines* (Harper, \$2.95). This story, like its predecessor, *The Happy Orpheline*, is illustrated by Garth Williams.

A Touch of Mystery for 9-11

Tom was eager to climb San Lorenzo hill. Jennifer wasn't too sure she wanted to go, because they *might* encounter Mr. Looper's mysterious monster. In spite of her overwhelming terror, Jennifer did climb the hill and she *did* see something—a strange and wonderful creature which she named *The Terrible Churnadryne* (Little, Brown, \$3). Eleanor Cameron's story will leave a teasing question in the mind. The explanation of the title will leave a chuckle. Beth and Joe Krush's illustrations are worthy of the delightful plot and fine format.

David Hughes was so upset by the thought that his pal, Jonny Vickery, might be leaving town because of the cloud on his father's name that he made up his mind that he and Jonny and



From *Puss in Boots*

David's sister Barby would solve the mystery of the long-lost money. The three children carried on their detective work around the big house on the ridge and eventually, with the help of an understanding policeman, uncovered the *Mystery on Echo Ridge*, by Mary C. Jane, illustrated by Raymond Abel (Lippincott, \$2.50).

Gay was none too happy at the start of her vacation in Nassau in the Bahamas. Uncle Hank suggested that she

search for treasure, and gave her clues in return for a certain number of arithmetic problems correctly solved. In spite of herself, Gay became interested, but her luck was bad. So, in desperation, she filled pages with the hated arithmetic and found herself at the end of the summer with a plausible solution to the treasure puzzle, and with a heart-breaking decision to make. *Calypso Holiday*, by Lillian Pohlmann (Coward-McCann, \$2.75), has good atmosphere and a believable little heroine.

Fairies, Fantasy, Poetry

At the beginning of the year 1901, Becky Osborn of Owosso, Mich., is a strong believer in magic. When a young lady who calls herself Fairy Child gives her a wishing ring, Becky hoards her three wishes carefully. The results of her first two wishes make her extremely hopeful of a happy outcome for her third and most important wish. At the end of 1901, Becky has matured enough to wonder whether real life may not be at least as wonderful as fantasy. *Magic Ring*, by Neta L. Frazier, illustrated by Kathleen Voute (Longmans, Green, \$2.95), is a warm family story.

Wonder Tales of Seas and Ships, by Frances Carpenter, illustrated by Peter Spier (Doubleday, \$3.50), have been selected from the legends and fairy lore of a cross section of the world. Egypt, Greece, Chile, the Celebes are represented; there are tales told by Eskimos, Laplanders, New Englanders. Some are more appealing than others because of their background and atmosphere. In *Favorite Fairy Tales Told in Germany*, illustrated by Susan Suba (Little, Brown, \$2.75), Virginia Haviland has retold seven tales from Grimm while retaining the full charm of the original folk tales. *Favorite Fairy Tales Told in England*, illustrated by Bettina, and *Favorite Fairy Tales Told in France*, illustrated by Roger Duvoisin, round out a trio of volumes with clear, well-spaced type and apt illustrations. *The Golden Touch*, by Nathaniel Hawthorne (Whittlesey, \$2.50), appears in picture-book format with a foreword by Anne Eaton. The illustrations by Paul Galdone have a preponderance of gold in tune with the Midas theme.

John Ciardi has joined the long procession of poets who have produced books for children. Distinguished illustrator Madeleine Gekiere has provided modernistic drawings to complement the ultramodern verses in *Reason for the Pelican* (Lippincott, \$3). Some of these will be beyond the young children to whom the format will appeal; some are reminiscent of De la Mare and Lear.

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By ERNIE RYDBERG. Jacket by Stephen J. Voorhies. An unusual story in which a group of young people encounter a scary mystery and help the police uncover the criminals. Written by an author with rare understanding of teen-agers. Ages 12-16. \$2.95

Blithe Genius

The Story of Rossini

By GLADYS MALVERN. Decorations by Donald Bolognese. A romanticized biography of one of the most irrepressible geniuses the world of music has ever known—Gioacchino Rossini.

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Home and Family Tales, 9-11

Blanche of Blueberry Barrens, by Anne Molloy (Hastings, \$2.95), is an appealing story of a phase of Maine life seldom found in children's books. The period is 1917. Blanche is chagrined at being assigned the humdrum task of keeping house in the summer shack while the rest of the family are out picking berries. Her failures and

A Dozen Pacemakers

The Terrible Churnadryne, by Eleanor Cameron. See p. 244.

Pitidoe the Color Maker, by Glen Dines. See p. 243.

The Good Land, by Loula G. Erdman. See p. 248.

Nine Days to Christmas, by Marie Hall Ets and Aurora Labastida. See p. 243.

Puss in Boots, by Charles Perrault and Hans Fischer. See p. 242.

And Long Remember, by Dorothy Canfield Fisher. See p. 249.

Jo Allen's Predicament, by Elisabeth H. Friermood. See p. 248.

The Cheerful Heart, by Elizabeth J. Gray. See p. 246.

A Pony for the Winter, by Helen Kay. See p. 243.

A Matter of Pride, by Dorothy Simpson. See p. 246.

John Treegate's Musket, by Leonard Wibberley. See p. 249.

Stories from the New Testament, by Piet Worm. See p. 251.

successes in discharging her responsibilities make a story with little plot but plenty of action.

Christina Wilson lived in a coalmining settlement in West Virginia. The story of the hardships and setbacks she and her loving family took almost for granted will be an eye opener to more fortunate youngsters. *Coal Camp Girl* (Lippincott, \$3.95) is written and illustrated with Lois Lenski's customary careful realism and is a worthwhile addition to this author's regional stories.

Across the ocean in Tokyo, Tomi Tamaki and her family had had years of adjusting to misfortune during the war. Now they were back in their old home—or rather in the shack built on the site of their bombed house. They are so happy to be together that they take

problems and inconvenience in their stride. Still, it is wonderful that a new and bigger house is on the way, including a room for Tomi. *The Cheerful Heart*, by Elizabeth J. Gray, illustrated by Kazue Mizumura (Viking, \$3), has a touching denouement which goes far to indicate that family devotion and sacrifice can bloom in any environment.

Janie Marshall didn't mind at all having to start school without shoes on her Maine island, for her feet *had* grown and she would have to wait a while for a new pair. But it was a different matter to have the teacher humiliate her in front of the other pupils. In spite of the wise counsel of her hard-working, understanding parents, Janie simply couldn't bring herself to tell the truth to Miss Henshaw. *A Matter of Pride*, by Dorothy Simpson (Lippincott, \$2.95), includes internal struggle and family and community doings. This book, by the way, should appeal to girls up to age 12.

About Animals

Dilly Wiggins of the traveling circus was the proudest boy in Maine that day in 1851 when he was given the care of the new elephant. All too soon his gratification turned to frustration, for Ebony ran away after an experience with a cruel handler. Dilly followed Ebony's trail of destruction and learned some lessons in courage and the value of cooperation before he found and won the approval of *Black Elephant*, by Virginia F. Voight (Prentice-Hall, \$2.95). William A. McCaffery's illustrations for this story for 10 to 13's are worth special mention.

Serilda Shaw was a Missouri country girl who was 11 years old in 1866 when she traded her gold locket for a lame, broken-down mare whose shiftless, unprincipled owner was about to destroy her. Star repaid Serilda's care and devotion over and over, and the little girl's heart was nearly broken when the mare disappeared. Needless to add, everything turned out happily for *Serilda's Star*, by Olive R. Cook, illustrated by Helen Torrey (Longmans, Green, \$2.95).

Old One-Toe's cunning and skill in hunting made him the terror of the countryside and king of the forest. The children's lives became entwined with that of the fox after he had lost two toes in a trap set by Piet. This story from France, by Michel-Aimé Baudouy (Harcourt, Brace, \$3), is absorbing and fast-paced, with fresh and vigorous characterization of wild creatures. Johannes Troyer is the illustrator. Marie Ponsot's translation reads smoothly.

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A wild colt, left unprotected in the Australian bush following a roundup, had learned so well to fend for himself that Dan Bailey had to exert extraordinary patience to help him adjust to life on a cattle station. *Fury, Son of the Wilds*, by H. M. Peel (Watts. \$2.95), gets under way slowly, but it builds up dramatically. The details of bush life are fascinating. For ages 11-14.

The Game's the Thing

Clay Morgan achieved premature fame that day he won the World Series for the Titans. It was the worst thing that could have happened to the young pitcher and it took a long pull before he made a comeback. *The Perfect Game*, by Jackson Scholz (Morrow. \$2.95), has good fast baseball tied together with a believable plot. Ted Nash, *Breakaway Back*, by Philip Harkins (Morrow. \$2.95), accepts a football scholarship for a year at Cornwall Prep and discovers that the gentleman's code at the school is actually carried out on the gridiron. He discovers, too, that he enjoys classroom instruction as it is imparted by the dedicated teachers at Cornwall. Some good values, plus a lot of football.

Bud Plays Junior High Basketball, by C. Paul Jackson (Hastings. \$2.95), is for younger readers than the above sports stories. Bud has to struggle to achieve and retain his position on the team. His work pays off, for he turns out to be the player who sparks the boys to the city championship. Good basketball is blended with pleasing side-lights on eighth-grade activities in general.

Bob Turley: Fireball Pitcher, by Gene Schoor (Putnam. \$2.95), is a readable account of a real-life hero who worked his way up through the tremendous competition of organized baseball.

In *More Champions in Sports and Spirit* (Farrar-Vision Books. \$1.95), Ed Fitzgerald gives us more of the brief accounts of sports figures he began in his previous book, *Champions in Sports and Spirit*. The new book includes swift-paced stories of the careers of Stan Musial, Carmen Basilio, Eddie Arcaro, Alex Olmedo and other champions.

Science—Practical and Experimental

You and the Weather, by Leslie Waller, illustrated by Tom Funk (Holt. \$2.50), discusses and explains different phases of this big subject in short sentences and storytelling illustrations with appeal to beginning readers. *Time*, by Leslie Waller, illustrated by Elizabeth Dauber (Holt. \$2.50), is another pic-

ture-book in the same series (*A Book to Begin On*). Time, what it means, how it has been counted down through the ages, instruments for measuring it—are all points for explanation. There is no attempt to teach the child how to tell the time of day.

Young boys will get a lot from *Jets and Rockets*, by William P. Gottlieb (Garden City. \$2.95). The large-print text, the remarkable photographs by the author and the drawings by several illustrators add up to an entertaining and informative book. *Transport Planes That Made History*, by David Cooke (Putnam. \$2.50), and *Our Space Age Jets: A Completely Revised Edition of "Our Fighting Jets,"* by C. B. Colby (Coward, McCann. \$2), each combine printed information with full-page photographs, for boys 9 to 13.

Harper has brought out new editions of *A Boy and a Battery* (\$2.50) and *The Boys' Book of Magnetism* (\$2.75), both by Raymond F. Yates. These revised editions of practical manuals should prove exceedingly useful.

The Cave Hunters, written and illustrated by William E. Scheele (World. \$2.50), is a reconstruction of the period during which the Neanderthals lived and gave way to the Cro-Magnons. This clear and simple account (for readers 8 to 10) of the end of the ice age is based on scientific discoveries, cave paintings and the acumen of the distinguished author. About 800 years ago a tribe of Indians built their homes in caves in Arizona. *Cliff Duellers of Walnut Canyon*, by Carroll L. Fenton and Alice Epstein (Day. \$2.75), reconstructs the daily life of a typical Indian family, for children 8 to 10, with the visual aid of full-page illustrations by Albert Orbaan and Carroll L. Fenton.

Arts, Crafts and Things to Do

It is heartening to find that writers and publishers nowadays feel no hesitation in exposing young people to the fine arts. *Pictures to Live With*, by Bryan Holme (Studio. \$4.50), surveys the world of painting from the earliest times and offers suggestions and interpretations to make the observation and study of world art more fruitful. Numerous reproductions add to the worth of this remarkable book. For courageous, serious enthusiasts, Elizabeth Ripley has a new book in her series of studies of artists. *Picasso* (Lippincott. \$3) is subtitled "A Biography." It might be more accurately described as a series of full-page black-and-white reproductions faced by pages of biographical, critical and human-interest

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material fitting in with the subjects of the paintings. Somewhat similar to the above in approach is *Going for a Walk with a Line*, by Douglas and Elizabeth MacAgy (Doubleday. \$3), which weaves a simple little story—a line to a page—into a series of full-page reproductions of paintings by contemporary artists. The result is exciting and amusing, if often bizarre.

101 Toys Children Can Make, by Robert and Katharine Kunz (Sterling. \$2.50), is a useful book to own at Christmas and all the year round. Drawings and easy text show how to make a variety of things such as totem poles, animals, toys for target practice and musical instruments. *Pantomimes for Charades and Skits*, by Vernon Howard (Sterling. \$2.50), has all sorts of enticing ideas for putting on shows and enlivening parties. *Shadow Magic*, by Bill Severn (McKay. \$3), gives considerable information on organization and procedure for serious amateurs, and includes fascinating background material on famous professionals. *Your Backyard Circus*, by Dic Gardner (Day. \$3), tells how to plan, conduct and evaluate neighborhood programs. Exhaustive details make this a helpful and interesting book.

For those who like to do hand-work which involves patience and care, but does not require undue skill, *Model Boats for Beginners*, by H. H. Gilmore (Harper. \$2.50), may prove an interesting hobby. Clear instructions are provided, materials are listed and diagrams are drawn.

Careers

Mapping the World: A Global Project of the Corps of Engineers. U. S. Army and Snow Surveyors: *Defenders Against Flood and Drought* (both published by Coward. \$2) are two new titles in C. B. Colby's visualized books of information on different departments of U. S. Government work. Like others in the series, the numerous photographs entice readers who might find the text difficult. *Find a Career in Photography*, by Robert E. Hood, and *Find a Career in Conservation*, by Jean Smith (both published by Putnam at \$2.75), point up many little-known as well as familiar opportunities in each of these fields.

Stories for Older Girls

It took real sacrifice for Mindanao Lowler to set aside her plans for the graduation-class trip to Boston and to offer the money to ease things for the family during the period her father had to give up lobstering to mend his broken leg. Mindy began to realize she was

growing up. She was still confused about her future and it took a hurricane with its complicated problems to bring her to the point of decision. *Mindy*, by Louise D. Rich (Lippincott. \$3), is a reflective story of a girl in a Maine fishing village, with excellent writing and fine values.

Because of childhood ill-health, Dinny Bracken had been overprotected by her efficient, self-confident mother. This year, for the first time, she has to make decisions for herself, while she keeps house for her father and younger brother on their peach orchard on an island in Lake Erie. Her world broadens through her friendship with Jeff Reed and through her concern for breezy old T. J. Passifee, and she learns to love the outdoors through her work in the orchard. *The Questing Heart*, by Mildred Lawrence (Harcourt, Brace. \$3), has a naive, natural, introspective girl for its heroine.

At first Judy Cannon is bitter about the loss of her friends when the family has to move to an old house some miles out of town. Gradually she realizes that, although she still wants to be one of a group, she no longer needs to run with the herd, nor does she need the crutch of going steady. *Run Sheep Run*, by Bob and Jan Young (Messner. \$2.95), includes growth of character, details of school and social life and presents a fine young male science teacher. Too bad that although church-going is mentioned, no one seems to worry about Sunday observance after Uncle Mort starts his business.

The heroine of *Jean and Johnny*, by Beverly Cleary (Morrow. \$2.95), is that rarity, a thoroughly nice, simple girl who has no claim to glamour, and who learns something from her first fumbling attempts to attract a boy's attention. Jean gratefully accepts the crumbs Johnny throws to her. It takes time for her to realize that he is selfish. When she comes to her senses, she handles his most outrageous offense with maturity.

It seemed to Carolyn Pierce that the family still considered her a child, although she was beginning to grow up and to take an interest in other folk's problems and heartaches. She was taking the first step, too, toward a romance of her own. *The Good Land*, by Loula G. Erdman (Dodd, Mead. \$3), has little plot but plenty of action. Its believable characters are set against a vivid background of West Texas during the fast-growing days around 1910.

Jo Allen's Predicament, by Elisabeth H. Friermood (Doubleday. \$2.95), tells about a girl tragically orphaned in 1904.

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who were to work as a hired girl be-
cause she had no training for anything
else. Her misery in trying to please a
carping employer is aggravated by her
hopeless love. There are excellent values
in this novel of a girl's growth and de-
velopment in personality and character
and devotion to God.

Connie Carmody, a young lady ac-
customed to big city life, was incensed
and humiliated at having to spend a
year with cousins in a small Michigan
town. From sheer pride she tried to
make the best of things. Her relation-
ships with her all-too-human cousins
make a warm story of everyday Amer-
ican doings. *Stranger in Singamon*, by
Holly Wilson, is published by Messner
(\$2.95).

In 1703, Arbella Hewitt undertook
an almost incredible journey through
hostile Indian country to a ruined home-
stead in Maine. She was determined to
dig up the silver her massacred parents
had hidden. Her adventures, encounters
and escapes make a mature story with
sprightly, witty dialog. *Witch's Silver*,
by Dorothy G. Butters (Macrae, Smith,
\$2.95), does not gloss over the cruelty
and narrow-mindedness of the Puritans.
Too bad that it has a totally unnecessary
modern-framework setting.

Stories for Older Boys

Denny Foster and his lovesick sister
Cam go to Colorado to plant peach
trees, only to find that the labor is all
in vain, for nothing can grow on that
desert land. Denny gamely does his
best, encouraged by a team of friendly
paleontologists, but it is a long-dead
dinosaur that saves the day. *Dinosaur
Harvest*, by Robin Langtry (Coward,
McCann, \$2.75), is a breezy, sophisti-
cated, funny-bone-prickling yarn told



From *And Long Remember*

from the viewpoint of a practical scion
of a zany family.

Travis was a modern Apache youth
who found his ancestral traits useful
when he participated in a journey back
into prehistoric times to salvage a ship
from outer space. *Galactic Derelict*, by
André Norton (World, \$3), takes the

hero into the future as well as to the
past. It has plenty of action and imagi-
nation for mature readers.

Matt Harris' first trip up the Missouri
as cub pilot of the *River Queen* was
hair-raising enough to turn anyone but
the most dedicated apprentice from his
chosen field. Not only were there reefs
and rocks and floating obstacles to
watch for on the river, but there was
ever-present danger from the patient
and wily Sioux who trailed the steam-
boat as carefully as they would a wagon
train. *Missouri River Boy*, by William
Heuman (Dodd, Mead, \$3), is sure-fire
for even the most reluctant reader.

Tobe Bledsoe shared the deep con-
tempt for book-learning which charac-
terized his Tennessee wilderness com-
munity. Consequently he was disgusted
when his father bound him out to the
eccentric naturalist, Mr. Twistletree, for
a journey west. Mr. Twistletree didn't
seem to know enough to watch out for
hostile Indians and certainly he hadn't
the first idea of how to keep alive in
the wilds. It was no wonder that the
odd pair were captured by the Chicka-
mauga. Then it was that the boy dis-
covered there might be more than one
kind of courage. *The Far Frontier*, by
William O. Steele (Harcourt, Brace,
\$2.95), will please boys anywhere from
about 10 up.

Peter Treegate knew that he had been
the unwitting cause of the Boston Mas-
sacre. But this wasn't the reason he
was forced to flee the city. He found
himself in the midst of a fight at sea,
and later a hurricane cast him up on
the Carolina shore, whence he was res-
cued by an unreconstructed veteran of
bloody Colloden field. It was the tough-
ening gained on the southern frontier
that matured Peter and gave him the
courage, when he eventually returned
to a Boston seething with Revolution,
to take down his father's old gun. *John
Treegate's Musket*, by Leonard Wibber-
ley (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, \$2.95),
is a well-rounded historical novel with
excellent characterization and a mar-
velous feeling for history.

Heroes and Heroines

And Long Remember, by Dorothy
Canfield Fisher, illustrated by Ezra
Jack Keats (Whittlesey, \$3.50), is an
inspiring legacy from this distinguished
writer. Using a baker's dozen of great
Americans as examples, she speaks di-
rectly and informally to young people,
asking them to think over the achieve-
ments of these men and women and
how they influenced the growth and
spirit of America. The book ends with
a strong plea to stop wars by having



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the courage to speak out boldly, long before the time comes to reach for arms.

Herbert Hoover, by Dorothy H. McGee (Dodd, Mead. \$3.50), is a readable, inspiring and scholarly biography of a man who speaks in deeds rather than in words. His life has spanned the world and has encompassed many activities. They are summed up succinctly in the subtitle of this book: "Engineer, Humanitarian, Statesman."

Gen. Thomas Meagher was an Irish patriot who was transported to Australia in the mid-19th century. He escaped to America and made a new career for himself as leader of the Irish Brigade in the Civil War. In *The Thunder Maker* (Bruce. \$2), William M. Lamers rescues this Catholic hero from his undeserved obscurity. John Barry is another American from Ireland whose patriotism and courage were matched only by his Catholicism. Floyd Anderson tells his story anew in *Father of the American Navy* (Benziger. \$2.).

Stephen Mallory, Secretary of the Navy for the Confederacy, had a distinguished career in the Senate before he threw in his lot with Jefferson Davis. In *Armorer of the Confederacy* (Benziger. \$2), Fr. Joseph Durkin, S.J., tells of the significant achievements of this quiet Catholic statesman and naval authority both before and during the Civil War. Now that Alaska has officially joined the United States, it seems fitting that we should learn something about those devoted and courageous men and women who brought the faith



Rosemary C.

to the Eskimos and Alaskan Indians. Alma Savage is well qualified to write about them in *The Forty-Ninth Star* (Benziger. \$2).

Catherine Beebe has given us another of her readable books: *Saints for Boys and Girls*, with pictures by Robb Beebe (Bruce. \$3.50). Here, eager searchers will find their patrons Denis, Kevin, Barbara, Helen, along with other less well-known saints. *Tell Me About the Saints*, by Mary Cousins (Newman.

\$2.50), is an attractive book, written in a friendly style with pleasing illustrations by Margaret Gill. Cecilia, Genevieve, Zita, Columba, Edmund, Oswald are among the personalities to be found here. *Legends of the Saints*, by E. Lucia Turnbull (Lippincott. \$2.95), is a thoroughly delightful storybook, which includes tales about some of the Irish and Scottish saints—always so tender and gay—and legends of Francis, Elizabeth of Hungary, Jerome and Roque. *Mother Cabrini* is here in a Vision Book (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. \$1.95), by Frances Parkinson Keyes. It is an intriguing story for children of today. To my mind, however, it is spoiled by the irritating framework device. *Barbara*, by M. K. Richardson, illustrated by Jeanyee Wong, and *Francis*, by Sister Mary Francis, P.C., also illustrated by Jeanyee Wong, are two new and delightful little books in Sheed & Ward's Patron Saint series (\$2).

We are indebted to Sheed & Ward, too, for the last and perhaps most significant book on our list: *Stories from the New Testament*, by Piet Worm (\$3). This reverent adaptation is decorated by the author with paintings which make it look somewhat like a medieval Book of Hours.

ETHNA SHEEHAN

CITADEL OF GOD

By Louis de Wohl. Lippincott. 352p. \$4.50

Mr. de Wohl has chosen an excellent title for a novel of St. Benedict, and readers will welcome a chance to step into the era of so illustrious a saint. This is a lively story, full of action, intrigue, Roman decadence and barbaric vigor. When Theodoric the Goth executes Boethius, he earns the hatred of the widowed Rusticiana. The outraged lady plots with her admirer, Peter, to bring the Byzantine armies and drive the Goths from Rome.

Belisarius takes the city. While the terrible struggle rages back and forth between the Goths and the Byzantines, Benedict, a distant cousin of Boethius, quietly carries out his purpose. Amid a disintegrating society, he raises the Citadel, the stronghold for the ways of God.

One might expect to find more about St. Benedict and less about war and politics in this novel, but actually, the author has had very little to go on. Almost no reliable details about the saint have come down to us. All the known facts are here, but they are meager and unsatisfactory. Benedict remains a kind of aloof, sanctified Merlin, gifted with uncanny powers. This

is the aspect of the saint which appealed to his near-contemporaries and which they saw fit to preserve.

Modern readers would give much to glimpse the very practical and understanding human being who wrote the Rule. Such a view, however, would have to be an educated guess and Mr. de Wohl has not made it. His many readers will enjoy the story he has given them and they will find in it new cause for trust in the fidelity of his work.

MARY DOLAN

ST. JOAN OF ARC

By John Beevers. Hanover House. 190p. \$3.50

PETER MAURIN: Gay Believer

By Arthur Sheehan. Hanover House. 217p. \$3.75

Two good biographies are here at hand. *St. Joan of Arc* smacks somewhat of De Quincey—not of his rhetoric; but there is a real DeQuincean apologia for the Maid. Mr. Beevers goes even further, in his vindication of medieval times, of France and even of Charles VII. One might challenge the necessity of such defenses today, but perhaps there are still some who question Joan's voices and her real purpose, and even her sincerity and faith. Nevertheless this is an intriguing biography.

If the author creates something of an energetic female Roland for a few chapters, it is an attractive picture. St. Joan is seen as a real, vivacious young girl, French to the core and Catholic to the full. The chronology of the trial and condemnation is well done. Even Joan's judges are reasonably treated; and St. Joan, far from suffering from this unusual approach, is surely enhanced.

The reader need not be especially interested in social reform to enjoy Arthur Sheehan's biography of Peter Maurin. Perhaps it would be better titled "Social Reforms in America," or "The History of the *Catholic Worker*." Peter Maurin, of whom we have an excellent picture for eight chapters, fades from view about halfway through the book. It may be that eight chapters are all that Peter's life demands, even though the results of his work and wisdom could fill several volumes. The chapters on the founding and struggling years of the *Catholic Worker* are especially good. Filled with details and episodes and names galore, this section is a sparkling tale. Mr. Sheehan has the knack of narration and the art of interesting.

Perhaps this biography is ideally suited to a man like Peter Maurin, so poor, so humble, so willing to give. He

seems to slip into oblivion in the book much the way he died, quietly, leaving no legacy except the memory of all he had done and the concrete effect of his social crusading.

WILLIAM C. MCCUSKER

THE CARDINAL STRITCH STORY

By Marie C. Buehrle. Bruce. 197p. \$3.95

This informal, popular biography of an engaging personality has a foreword by Amleto Cardinal Cicognani, former Apostolic Delegate to the United States, who knew the late Cardinal Stritch extremely well. His foreword points out that the present work has unquestionably seized upon the most important aspect of the character of Cardinal Stritch, "his dedication to his priestly vocation."

Though somewhat rhapsodical at times and a bit overlyrical, the book has certainly captured the quintessence of the spirit of a distinguished churchman. Cardinal Stritch, who was a man of impressive accomplishments, never ceased to be the priest of simplicity, warmth and understanding, motivated by a sense of humble mission. This is

the judgment of those who knew him best.

Miss Buehrle recounts his career through a series of episodes, beginning with his early life in Nashville, Tenn., on through his studies in Rome, and finally to his appointment to high ecclesiastical offices. Bishop of Toledo at the age of 34, he later headed the Sees of Milwaukee and Chicago. He was at once surprised and dismayed when he was invited by Pope Pius XII to become Pro-Prefect of the Sacred Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith. He was advised by a friend that canon law did not oblige him to take the post. Like a good soldier, however, he accepted the call of Peter. Some of the most moving pages of the book are concerned with his last days.

It was obviously not the intention of Miss Buehrle to offer a definitive biography of the Cardinal. Some day no doubt such a work will appear. But it is doubtful whether a more elaborate account will ever capture more successfully the heart and mind of this son of the South who reflected such great credit upon his Church and his country.

FRANCIS E. McMAHON



E. J. MANDOLA, S.J.

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A Architecture	L Law	Sc Science
C Commerce	MT Medical Technology	SF Sister Formation
D Dentistry	M Medicine	Sy Seismology Station
DH Dental Hygiene	Mu Music	Sp Speech
Ed Education	N Nursing	AROTC Army
E Engineering	P Pharmacy	NROTC Navy
FS Foreign Service	PT Physical Therapy	AFROTC Air Force
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FILMS

THE WRECK OF THE MARY DEARE (MGM) is an absorbing, rather old-fashioned sea adventure. Much of it, however, takes place on dry land. It was adapted by Eric Ambler from a recent novel by Hammond Innes. Its setting is modern, but the shade of Joseph Conrad hangs heavy over it and especially over the two leading characters.

The captain of the freighter *Mary Deare* (Gary Cooper) is a strong silent man. He signed on as first mate only recently and, more recently still, succeeded to command on the sudden death of the captain. He now finds himself in an extremely awkward position. The other leading character is the



skipper of a salvage tug (Charlton Heston) who comes upon the *Mary Deare* during a storm off the coast of England and finds her abandoned, except for the captain, and half-sinking from fire and explosion.

Cooper's explanation for the condition of his ship, the defection of the crew and various other mysterious circumstances are neither adequate nor particularly plausible. Nevertheless, the natural fraternity of seafaring men is a strong bond. Heston reluctantly responds to the captain's plea for assistance and trust, helps him ground the vessel on an out-of-the-way reef, and agrees to back him in a deception until the whole story can be aired at a maritime court of inquiry. He speedily regrets this decision when members of the *Mary Deare's* rescued crew testify to Cooper's cowardice and the inquiry brings out further seemingly damaging evidence against him. When things look this bad for the hero of a movie, however, he is obviously innocent. The two men finally establish Cooper's innocence in a hair-raising skin-diving expedition to uncover proof of an insurance fraud in the hold of the grounded ship.

The film, made at least partially in England by director Michael Anderson

and photographed in color and Cinema-Scope, depends heavily on the rugged performances of the two rugged leading men. It derives added stature and credibility from the presence of various very fine British actors—Michael Redgrave, Emlyn Williams, Cecil Parker, Alexander Knox, Virginia McKenna—who turn up from time to time in brief but none the less important roles. [L of D: A-I]

THIRD MAN ON THE MOUNTAIN (*Buena Vista*). Walt Disney's newest live-action Technicolor feature, adapted from a novel by James Ramsey Ullman, is based loosely on the first successful ascent of the Matterhorn about a hundred years ago. The main difference is that, while the actual expedition ended in disaster for half the party, the movie allows all the climbers to survive, though not all of them manage to reach the top.

In addition to the actual climb, this particular tale deals with the frustrations of a Swiss youth (James MacArthur) whose father was killed on the mountain many years before and whose surviving relatives are determined to keep him on *terra firma*. I must say my sympathies were with the relatives rather than with the boy's sweetheart (Janet Munro) and the other adventurous souls who conspired to help him practice mountaineering in secret. Nevertheless, according to the values of the story, the relatives and I are wrong, and mountain climbing is the young hero's manifest destiny.

In any case, the rock-scaling sequences, actually photographed on the Matterhorn, are a remarkable piece of film-making and will probably petrify even those onlookers whose head for heights is far better than mine. Michael Rennie, James Donald and Herbert Lom are the principal climbers, aided and abetted at crucial moments by a group of real Swiss mountain guides. [L of D: A-I] MOIRA WALSH

THEATRE

THE HIGHEST TREE. Since the success of *Sunrise at Campobello*, in which the late President Franklin D. Roosevelt was the central figure, Dore Schary has become a name to conjure with. Director of last season's *Majority of One*, he has been associated with two smash hits in as many years. He seems to have the golden touch.

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Transl. by Ronald Knox. Kenedy, \$4.50
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The stores listed below report their best-selling books during the current month. Popularity is estimated both by the frequency with which a book is mentioned and by its relative position in each report. The point system, plus the geographical spread of the stores, gives a good view of Catholic reading habits. Appreciation for the service can best be shown by patronizing the stores.

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As co-producer, with the Theatre Guild, of the play at the Longacre, Mr. Schary's auriferous hand may have lost none of its magic at the box office. He is billed as author and director, however, and in the former function he is rather less than brilliant. *The Highest Tree* is as tedious as *Campobello* was inspirational.

The antagonists in the drama are a middle-aged scientist and strontium 90. They are obviously mismatched opponents. The scientist is disturbed because nuclear tests are filling the air with poisonous gas. He wants the explosions stopped forthwith. The scientist holds our sympathy, but his crusade remains unexciting. Drama requires a fight, between two men or between a man and a principle. Mr. Schary's play is a struggle of intangibles.

Donald Oenslager designed a setting that has the stability of a fortress, and the production was directed by the author. Kenneth MacKenna, William Prince, Howard St. John and Larry Gates contribute competent performances that are wasted on a hollow play.

SHADOW AND SUBSTANCE. In a theatre in which plays are generally based on secular postulates, Paul Vincent Carroll's acidulous drama, presented by The Irish Players at the off-Broadway Tara Theatre, is a refreshing experience.

The central character is the Very Rev. Thomas Canon Skerritt, pastor of an Irish parish. The Canon is proud of his Church as preserver of the faith and conservator of the finer creations of human intelligence, but he would have felt more at home in the Renaissance than in modern Ireland. His duties keep him in continuous friction with the principal of his school, his curates and an emotional element in the parish, whose misguided zeal leads to tragedy. The Canon is a lonely and austere man whose only support and solace, aside from his faith, is his young housekeeper, a sensitive girl named Brigid who has visions of talking with St. Brigid.

A secular audience, conditioned to believe that Catholics are a monolithic group mutely following the directives of their priests, should find the Canon's intramural skirmishes enlightening. Not that *Shadow and Substance* is in any sense Catholic propaganda. It is a serious drama that deals with a serious subject in a serious way. Still, it is good-natured and humorous.

Since its original production 22 years ago, *Shadow and Substance* has become a stock theatre piece on both sides of the Atlantic, wherever actors are willing

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to tackle challenging roles and an intelligent audience can be found.

In the present revival, Kendall Clark's portrayal of the Canon has clarity and virility, but it diminishes the churchman's spiritual stature. Unless memory is at fault, Mr. Clark takes minor liberties with the text that reduce the Canon's spiritual pride to intellectual arrogance. It happens that *Shadow and Substance* is so soundly constructed, and its characters so convincingly human, that it cannot be seriously damaged by a little tampering. Like *Macbeth*, it is practically actor-proof.

Helena Carroll, the author's daughter, submits a luminous portrait of Brigid, the Canon's housekeeper. It is a complex role in which holiness, humility, common sense and the charity of a martyr are fused in a single personality. Miss Carroll preserves all the values of the character without appearing too good to be true. John McLiam, as the schoolmaster, is a persuasively militant layman compelled by conscience to oppose his pastor. All subsidiary roles are efficiently handled.

Claude Marks and Clifford Capone are given credit in the playbill for setting and costumes. I find no fault in their work. Joseph Gistarak, the director, may be partly to blame for Mr. Clark's delinquencies in the role of the Canon.

TAKE ME ALONG. If you are expecting a visit by a favorite relative or treasured friend any time during the winter, *Take Me Along*, presented at the Shubert by David Merrick, will solve your entertainment problem. It is a musical version of Eugene O'Neill's *Ah, Wilderness!* in which O'Neill suffers benevolent mayhem at the hands of Jackie Gleason.

Joseph Stein and Robert Russell converted the drama into a musical. They must be commended for retaining the spirit and atmosphere of the original script. There is a change of emphasis, however, that raises Uncle Sid, a secondary character in O'Neill's comedy, to the figure of major interest, enabling Mr. Gleason to take control.

Fifty million TV fans do not have to be informed that Jackie Gleason is a superlative clown who gets his laughs without resorting to extraneous salacious material. He is a legendary personality, a boulevardier and wit who has a reputation for the best portrayal of a Gargantuan hero. In *Take Me Along* his talents as a comic and a personality are fused in a fine portrayal of a lovable black sheep.

Other excellent performances are rendered by Robert Morse, as a roman-

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tic adolescent; Walter Pidgeon, a suburban editor; and Eileen Herlie who, as a languishing spinster, reveals an unsuspected dulcet singing voice. The production was expertly directed by Peter Glenville. Bob Merrill wrote the music and lyrics, and Oliver Smith designed the settings. While their combined efforts are in every way commendable, it is Mr. Gleason who carries the show on his ample shoulders. THEOPHILUS LEWIS

THE WORD

Stir up the wills of Thy faithful people, we entreat Thee, O Lord, so that the more earnestly they seek the fruit of Thy divine service, the more abundantly will they receive the remedies of Thy tender mercy (Prayer of the Mass for the Last Sunday after Pentecost).

It is the last Sunday after Pentecost. We come to the end of another liturgical year.

When we are young, the world is

full of beginnings. Beginnings may be timid and tentative and tremulous, but they are exciting—they are so full of promise. Imperceptibly the years slip away. At first we do not notice, but there comes a time when it dawns on us that we are encountering more and more endings. Our ritual schooling ends; the formative years come to a close; establishment in a particular state of life terminates the challenging period of trial and error; we slowly discover with embarrassment that automatic processes and ordinary efforts are no longer easy but burdensome and surprisingly difficult. Our tastes change, and what used to be enormously inviting is now simply not worth the trouble involved. Above all, we can no longer ignore or regard as atypical the last ending of all; in our Mass more and more names, and more and more beloved names, cross over from the Memento of the Living to the Memento of the Dead.

So it comes about that every ending—like this of the Church's year—is now not only tinged with melancholy but charged with significance. All things pass. All things—I, too.

Each one of us has a little store of years. It is as well that we do not know how much of our store we have already spent, how much or how little remains. What is certain is that our hoard of years is strictly limited, and that we are paying them out, one by one, with an inflexible steadiness, a wondrous fidelity that is not frightening only because it is not noticed. We do the ordinary things: eat, sleep, work, talk, read, listen to music, watch the sun set in always matchless splendor, sit in quiet with the ones we love. Naturally we do not think: "There will be an end to all this." It is well that we do not so reflect. Consideration has not the slightest effect on the event.

There is just one factor that saves this entire train of thought from morbidity. It is the truth that has been given lapidary form by an ill-starred queen: "In my end is my beginning." All endings except one are but shadows; they are dark but without substance. The one ending that matters is not an ending at all, but a beginning.

What is the very last article in the peroration of the Christian Creed? *I believe in the Holy Ghost—the holy Catholic Church—the communion of saints—the forgiveness of sins—the resurrection of the body—and life everlasting.* As followers of the risen Christ we believe in life, not only the life with which we move and breathe now and which is indisputably temporary, but in the very fullness and perfection of life. We believe in life everlasting. Holy Mother Church declares in the Mass of the Dead: *Vita mutatur, non tollitur* ("Life is changed, it is not taken away"). We believe, then, that the last ending of all is more apparent than real. It is like the ending of the Church year. It is like all the other endings in this world. It is an incident.

Until the inescapable occurrence of the last incident, what? Why, we must be up and doing—*Stir up the wills of Thy faithful people, we entreat Thee, O Lord*—because there is at work another law besides the law of life into death. It is a highly vital and practical law of proportion, and it applies so strongly to today and this minute that we cannot afford to sit moping because of what might happen tomorrow or the next day. The law is this: *the more earnestly we seek the fruit of God's divine service, the more abundantly will we receive the remedies of His tender mercy.*

Up and doing. A new and wonderful liturgical year, brimful of holy promise, is about to begin.

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